collated & perfect. Oct. 1797.

LOVE

In it's

EXTASIE:

OR,

The large Prerogative.

A kind of Royall Pastorall written long since, by a Gentleman, Student at Æton, and now published.

Multitudine Amicarum est salus.

First Edition.

William Peake.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Wilson* for *Mercy Meighen*, *Gabriell Bedell*, and *Thomas Collins*, and are to be sold at their shop at Middle Temple gate. 1649.

To the Reader.

READER,

THe torrent of the Preſſe that now ſweepes All, amongſt other Pamphlets hath laid this before you. Did the Stage enjoy its former luſtre, this would have lien ſtill neglected and forgotten: but ſince thoſe paſtimes are denied us wherein we ſaw the ſoule and genius of all the world lye contracted in the litle compaſſe of an Engliſh Theatre, I have thought fit amidſt a number of more ſerious pieces to venture this in publike. You may be confident there lyes no Treaſon in it nor State invective, (The common iſſues of this pregnant age) It is inoffenſive all, ſoft as the milkie dayes it was written in, for although it appeares now ſo late before you like a winter bloſſome in the middle of a boyſterous and ill-boding ſeaſon, yet this Interlude was long ſince the early recreation of a Gentleman not fully Seventeene, and thoſe times admitted but of ſmall diſtempers, or thoſe yeares but little judgement to diſcerne them. Were all mens Religion come up to the height once of a Drammatick Poem, We ſhould not feare that Stage where Virtue ever finds Reward, and Vice, Repentance or a puniſhment.

The Scene Lelybæus.

The Perſons.

Charaſtus, King of *Lelybæus*
Brabantas, King of *Pachynus*
Sperazus, King of *Pelorus*
Virtuſus, Sonne to *Brabantas* enamoured of *Thesbia*
Fidelio, Sonne to *Sperazus* betrothed to *Conſtantina*
Bermudo, A noble man of *Lelybæus*
Halisdus, An old commander
Arontas, The Captaine of the *Citadell*
Spadatus, A Courtier.
Iayler
Meſſenger
Attendants
Guard.

Conſtantina, Sister to *Virtuſus*
Thesbia, Sister to *Fidelio*
Deſdonella, Sister to *Charaſtus*
Flavanda, Sister to *Bermudo*.
Ecebo.

Love in it's Extasie.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Arontas and Spadatus.

Spa. Our feares are vaine *Arontas.*
Aron. I wish to heavens they would not prove
True Omens to the Kingdome.
Spa. Can you suppose the King, whose powerfull nod
Can force a thousand Virgins, to become their owne bawdes,
And prostitue themselves unto his loose embraces,
Will for one coy girle resigne that gift
Onely in which the Gods can truely boast their liberty?
Fye *Arontas*, think not so poorly of your Soveraign;
He is a Man, and therefore has Ambition.
Aron. So has he Love.
Sapd. But can that Love,
That weaker fancy of an idle braine,
Make *Charastus* yeeld, unto a composition, so absurd?
As for to grant a Kingdome for a conquest.
Aron 'Tis to be feard; The obdurate Girle
Persists still in her enterprise: nor will shee yeeld
The fortresse of her Love without the resignation
Of his Diadem unto her Brother, a man
Ambitious as the Devill.
Spa. Hear reason.
Aron. 'Tis not her will alone,
The womans cheifest argument, that denyes him,
But her weighty reasons, with which she still convinces
All that dare venture opposition.
Spa. Is not the Kings prerogative an argument
Beyond weake womans will? The wise men say,
Kings ought to force when subjects wo'nt obey.
Aron. Love cannot fir be forc'd;
It is a spirit thinner than Ayr, which when
With boysterous hands we strive to captivate
Doth vanish into nothing.
Spa. But should the King, in this his height of dotage,
Offer up his crowne, the Trophee of her cruelty,
Think you his Subjects will e're give consent
That one should weare it, so generally hated as *Bermudo*?
One fill'd with such variety of wickednesse,
As if the end of his creation was
Onely to shame his Maker.
Aron. Did he deserve a Worser character,

Yet when the Crowne, when that imperiall Gem
Once triumphs on his brow, his Vices Sir
Will turne to virtues: such is the fate of Princes.
Nor may we sir oppose his reign
Since tis our King that wills it.
Kings are the Gods immediate Substitutes,
And their VVills are most divine, and holy statutes,
Which our Religion in so strict a manner
Bindes us to observe, that should *Bermudo*,
In that very instant, on which the Crowne
Is plac'd upon his head, command our lives,
'Twere more impiety to contradict,
Than cruelty to obey.
Spa. Strange superstition!
Aron. It may seeme so to you, a stranger: for
Forraign Nations laugh at us, and call our zeale
A blinde obedience, their prouder hearts
Can brooke no Kings, but like unruly steeds
Contemn their Riders, and blow Rebellion,
Witchcrafts Ape,
Even in the faces of their Soveraignes; good Gods!
Is this piety? is this Religion? shall He
The principall of all subordinates, one by that Royall wreath
Distinguish'd from the common Chaos, and created Head?
Shall He be subject to the VVills of an
Irregular Multitude that Knowes nothing of a States necessity?
The Sun-tand slave that labours at the Oare
Knowes not a life so servile then. But let 'um on,
And glory in their disobedience: we whose soules
Has stil been subject to those higher powers,
Must allwayes think that man is cheifly bleft,
That suffers.
Spa. Be Happy then, I dare pronounce you Happy
If *Bermudo* reignes; Felicity with a vengeance
Will flow unto you, till 'its hideous torrent
Has consum'd the Kingdome.
Aron. If 'tis our fate 'tis wellcome, 'twill onely prove
The greater Argument of our Allegiance?
The Citadell, of which I am the unworthy Master
Must be kept strongly for him, till his Will,
Not Tyranny disclaimes it.
Spa. No more: The Kings on entrance.

Act. I. *Scæ.* 2.

Loud Musick. Enter *Charastus*, *Flavanda*, *Bermudo*, *Halisdus*, *Spadatus*, *Arontas*, and *Attendants*.
Cha. Was't not a direfull Tempest that last night
Affrighted our Horizon? was ever yet your age
Acquainted with the like *Halisdus*?
Hal. Never my gratious Lord: yet I have seene
Many, that would have terrified the boldest:
When our *Ætnean* Hill, spitted his fiery venome
Gainst the Heavens; when the affrighted Sun
For three dayes has withdrawn himself; yet these
Compar'd with this for horror,
Deserve not to be mentioned.
Cha. It was a dreadfull night indeed; yet see
How gloriously the Sunne appeares: the Heavens
In labour were all night, & from their pregnant womb
This morn a Sun springs forth, whose glorious beames
Frights back their pristine terrour.
Hal. Wer't not a sin too great and irreligious
To mistrust the heavens diviner Mercy,
I should conceive this ill-aboding night
Portendeth some ensuing misery.
Cha. Doe not *Halisdus* with thy misconstruing fear
Strive to disturb our joyes: Thy sight *Flavanda*,
Like to *Auroras* Beames, darted from out the Eastern Hills,
Expells those drossie exhalations, which this too sad night
Infused to my sadder soul.
Fla. Your highnesse has a privilege for flattery.

Char. Still

Char. Still harping on that ſtring *Flavanda?*
If for to ſpeake what my inclining ſoul
Prompts me to utter, and to conceive what
I have ſaid
Is but a derogation from thy worth, be Flattery,
I muſt confeſſe I am guilty of that fault,
Which never King did act, unleſſe upon himſelfe.
Fla. Pardon my incredulity great Sir.
When I conſider that the lofty Pines
Stoop not to brambles, that your Soaring Hawkes
Bend not to leſſer Birds, except for prey: I muſt confeſſe
My virgin fear holds back thoſe wandring thoughts
VVhich your Al-potent Majeſty extracted
Leſt I ſhould periſh like a haſty Bloſſome
Cropt by the ſetting winter.
Cha. Is yet my Loyalty in queſtion?
How oft have I with ſacrilegious lipps
Diſſected all the Gods for Oathes, and muſt I ſtill
Remain ſuſpected of diſloyalty? ſurely I have a conſcience.
Fla. Yes, pure and more ſpotleſſe than the wandering ſnow
VVhich the leaſt breath of any calmer wind
Blowes up and down: ſuch a conſcience,
That had it not a burthen of Felicity
I ſhould court its Maſter.
Cha. VVas ever yet Felicity a Burthen?
Fla. Yes, that which you vainly ſtile one:
You doe ſuppoſe a Crown a brave and glorious
Trophee of felicity, which had you been without,
One poor commanding word had done that deed,
VVhich now your vain intreaties ſue for.
You are my King Sir.
Cha. But tell me Deareſt, how has my former life
Deſerv'd that title of your King: has my taxations
Ever yet filld my oreflowing coffers?
Have I repleniſh'd once my appetite
VVith the direfull noyſe of any ſubjects curſes?
Our gentler reign abhorr'd thoſe vices
Which moſt Kings doe Boaſt in: And canſt thou think
When I doe ſubjugate my ſelf to thee,
I ſhall become more ravenous than when I was
Sole Monarch?
Fla. I dare not queſtion Sir that virtue which in you
All Princes can't admire enough, much more not imitate.
Tis not the Tyrannick uſage of a Scepter
That confirm's a King; He that is truely Royall,
Rules not his kingdome with the ſevere
And cruell Rigour of an auſterer judgement,
But with a mild ſeverity, a virtue which you
Have practiſ'd long; I muſt confeſſe, you are adorn'd
With all the Ornaments that make a King
A ſecond Deity; But can thoſe glorious trappings,
Your Crown, your ſcepter, arm'd with that virtue too,
Can they all reſiſt thoſe blaſts, which envious fame
Will hurl upon my honour?
Cha. What can the giddy multitude report
Againſt thy virtues? Thou art beyond their malice.
Fla. I were beyond then all that's good,
Beyond the heavens themſelves, and the celeſtiall powers.
That Love that tends to a ſuperior,
Be it ne're ſo pure, is amongſt them
But an ambitious Luſt, ſold for preferment.
Should *Hymen* joyn our hands in a lawfull union
With our hearts, yet they would ſay,
Flavanda does not give, but proſtitutes her love
To ſatisfie her vaine Ambition: This I ſhould ever
Rather bee thought your Strumpet, than your Wife.
Cha. Canſt thou ſuſpect me yet *Flavanda?*

Fla. I

Fla. I should suspect my selfe rather, for I know
Our sex are all like watry clouds
Made various still by the reflecting Sun.
Whilst that the Crowne, Great Sir,
Impalls your Royall Brow, I cannot be your Wife
And to be your Whore, I dare not.
Cha. Infortunate condition of a King! when that
His chiefest Ornament becomes his greatest punishment.
A Crowne, and Scepter are but transitory toyes,
That wait on bigg and pompous Misery.
Oh thou ambitious Man, whose soaring thoughts
Aime onely at a crown! knewst thou
The inconvenience now of mine, thou then (rity,
Wouldst wish, thou hadst rested in secu-
And nere had sought so vain a happinesse.
Fla. If that your boasted constancy bee firm
As 'twere a sinne to suspect the contrary,
That our loves may not diminish from each others lustre,
Invest my Brother in your dignity: So I a Princess
May equall you a some-times King.
Cha. Must I resigne, or perish in felicity?
Is this thy doome then still irrevocable?
Fla. As Fate. (stay,
Cha. A sad and dismall sentence! yet
And ere I part with this same glorious gemme,
Let me recall the long lost man within mee,
And with him, Mans better part, my Reason,
Reason! alas I have none
This trifle woman has unmand my soule,
And made me like her selfe irrationall.
Reason would tell me that I am a King,
And in that name, something there is
That whispers to my thoughts I may command.
'Tis true, I may, o're things (levell
Grosse as my self; This arme of mine can
Cedars with the humblest shrubbs, and this my voyce
Can with one accent, breath more certain Fate
Than plague, or Fire. But can its loudest note
Silence one murmuring thought? or can this potent grasp
Inclose heavens lighting, or the smallest beame
Which from the sun is darted? Love is more pure
And lesse substantiall, 'tis no created body, Form,
And Matter, but an etheriall essence, Fancyes creatures.
And to be Master of an immaterialI Soule,
Who would refuse to sacrifice that drosse,
That clogges Mortality? He is a beast
That would not fall, to rise a Constellation.
Hal. Yet, Sir, consider what you give,
A Crowne, a Scepter, and a Kingdome.
Cha. These are but titular Emblemes of felicity,
Visions of Bliss, Symptomes of Happinesse.
What is there in a crowne, worthy our estimation? *(He puts it on Flavandus head.*
Place it here in its most proper sphære,
'Tis but a glorious trifle; looke now *Halisdus*
With impartiall eyes, and tell me which casts
The greater lustre; thy silence does condemne thee.
See, I kisse it, embrace it, and no virtuous heat
Payes a gratuity: One Kisse of hers
Makes me contemplate of a future happinesse
That rapes me to an Extasie of pleasure.
Dull, senceless, and base stupid Earth,
Goe to the Center; My aery thoughts climbes Heaven,
And graspeth now a Deity.
Ber. Beware a cloud *Ixion:* if my plotts hitt right,
It shall be twice as fatall.
Char. Yet 'ere *Bermudo*
I doe fully cease, 'ere that my soul
Be quite dismantled of that glorious robe
Which Fate so freely did allot mee,
Oh let these dewy drops, the truest Harbingers
Of a setting Sun, entreat thee
Not to bring my frailty to a custome:
Do not, oh do not! doate like me *Bermudo*,

Let not posteritie in succeeding times
Account this folly lawfull, and traduce Me,
Me the Originall; 'Twill vex me in my urn.
Ber. It shall not sir. I'le break the custome,
And to show how much my soule's
Obedient to your will, and that the world may see
That 'tis not pompe nor majesty affects me,
I make a vow before just heavens, and you,
That if ere my heart be conquer'd with a womans love,
Your Crown shall be restor'd.
Cha. Thou knowst not what thou vow'st *Bermudo*.
Ber. I doe my Lord, and know withall
How strictly Religion bindes me to performance;
For should I dare to violate what I have vow'd,
It would call a curse upon me, high
As the punishment Damnation payes to sinners:
I must then royall sir, & so must ye, my Lords,
And Peeres of *Lelybæus*, acknowledge him again
Your Soveraign, unlesse a doe a deed
Which humane frailty names impossible,
Cha. Canst thou be so good *Bermudo*?
Ber. 'Tis not a Crowne great sir,
With that same large Prerogative annext,
Can make *Bermudo* be ingratefull;
You nourish'd my declining fortunes,
And brought them to that height which now
They stand in, and should I like ungatefull plant
Consume the stemme that nourish'd me,
Infamy would surely blast me.
Cha. Thus then I doe indulge thee
All the prerogatives of Majestie.
Goe and ascend my throne, and let all with one applause
Say after me, Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lelybæus*.
Trumpets and shouts within.
Omnes. Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lelybæus*.
Omnes. Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lelybæus*.
Omnes. Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lelybæus*.
Ber. I have it now, seated firm, beyond the power
Of Revocation: Thanks to the Heavens,
And our diviner Policy. Long has this Kingdome
Under the easie yoak of an effeminate King
Surfetted with luxury, and been a Proverb
For our neighbouring Princes to expresse lasciviousnesse:
The thought whereof did grate my heart,
And stir'd a noble Anger in my blood.
Shame of all Kings, dishonor of thy race,
It was I that forc't my credulous sister
To make this tryall of thy constancy.
I made *Flavanda* to demand thy Crowne, onely
With a promise to restore it: But can you think
A Gemme so lost, will e're be found
Before the extirpation of that seed
Which thy effeminate government has sown
In this too much abused Kingdome?
Cha. If that the thought of what I was
Can not procure some reverence,
Yet slight me not for what I may be,
When the conditions which you hold
Your Kingdome by are broken.
Ber. Conditions? 'Tis true, I promis'd when e're
My heart was conquer'd with a womans love
Your Crown should be restor'd.
Fla. That was not all: A vow
Was past to me, seal'd with an Oath,
That when our Nuptialls should be solemniz'd
You would restore the Kingdome.
Ber. It is confess'd: nor dare I disobey it.
Vowes of this nature may not be broken
Without the violation of Religion.
Cha. Come deerest then, let Hymenæall Rites
Restore a double happinesse.
Ber. Stay rash man, hear our Decree first,
Reade *Arontas*, and let thy voyce
Strike terror to the Nation.
Arontas reads.

Whereas this fertile Kingdome, under the easie raign of our effeminate predecessor, has long surfetted with a degenerate passion, which the weaker ones stile Love, the wiser Folly, to the high dishonor of the

Nation, and great displeasure of that Virgin
Goddess whose rites we ought to celebrate.
That we may now therefore repair our lost
honour, appease the wrath of that incens-
ed Deity, and avert those judgments which
are now so imminent; We have thought
fit to decree, and be it decreed by the most
high, and excellent *Bermudo*, the Supreme
Lord, and Ruler of this Nation, that for
the space of seven years next ensuing, none
shall presume to entertain that passion; If
any one shall presumptuously, contrary to
this our pleasure, be found so weak as to
express it in the least of Circumstance, their
lives to Heavens shall forfeit.

Bermudo.

Ber. You have heard our will *Charastus*,
Presume not then to disobey it: 'Tis not
the remembrance
Of youn former greatness, or the Peoples
love,
Can exempt you from the justice of our an-
ger.
Could'st thou suppose, fond man, *Bermudo*
Would restore a Crown for bare gratuity;
No,
I did but pull away the baite, to make
The hasty fish receive it with more eager-
ness,
Which now is caught, thanks to our In-
dustry:
And that the captive may not flatter his
imagination
With a hopes of a Recovery, Let our De-
crees be publish'd.

Exit Arentes.

Cha. That sir you have a power to punish
my credulity,
This knee, nere bent before to humane
greatness, testifies.
Oh Royall sir! Let the severity of your
Law stop here,
Here on my head let your anger fall:
Punish not my folly in your loyall Subjects,
Guilty in nothing but obedience. If not for
my sake,
For my sisters sake, for *Desdonella's* sake,
Shee though a Princess lov'd you sir a Sub-
ject:
I saw it, and was silent, and surely,
Had not I thought, you had suppos'd
Ingratitude the worst of evills,
I neere had left my self so bare,
Cloath'd onely with my shame and ruine.

Ber. If *Desdonella* harbours such a thought,
She feeds the flame that will consume her:
Nor she, nor any sir shall dare to doe,
What is deni'd their Soveraigne.

Cha. Then thus proud man I rise,
And boldly tell you, that though Religion
Tyes our hands, yet there's a power above
you,
Which neither custome nor Religion can
controul,
He sir will punish to the height the deadly
sin
Of an abus'd Authority: Remember it, and
tremble.

Fla. Alas, fond mayd, to what a deluge
of misfortune
Has this thy incredulity now brought thee?
VVhat indigested heaps of misery has it
thrown
On thy orercharged soul? Yee sacred
Powers
That guard distressed Innocence!
If that my brothers tyranny has not as yet
Exiled ye this Nation, pitie my teares,
And since I needs must hate where I am
forc'd to love
Learn me a loving hate: But can I hope
The heavens will pity me in such a vale of
wickedness?
No surely, I'le therefore to the woods,
There harmeless Innocence wrapt in secu-
rity,
Entombs faint envie, there vain Ambition
Covets no other Crown but Roses, No Scep-
ter
But a Sheephook, these will I covet too.
Farewell *Bermudo*; and because once thou
wert my brother,
In Heavens I wish thee.

Ber. And I thee in hell for wishing it.

Fla. Since that the Constellations yet do
want
A fierce and cruell Tyger, I'le pray the
Heavens
To place thee there, that when a Tyrant's
born,
The world may say *Bermudo* gave the in-
fluence.
My ill-spent teare bids thee adue: Fare-
well all cruelty,

A VVolfe and Lamb compar'd to us, for ſympathy,
May well be ſtil'd the Zodiacks *Gemini*.
Exit.

Cha. Farewell thou perfect Modell of all goodneſs,
Haſte to the ſhadie woods, there I will live,
In contemplation of thy excellence:
Loves Theory ſhall be my ſtudy; a Science
Far beyond thy reach *Bermudo*; thy groſſer ſence
Is ignorant of all loves, except of that
VVhoſe baſer flame knowes no commerce with purity,
That which inſatiate luſt perhaps has prompt thee too;
Mine is a love ſuperplatonick, a flame,
VVhoſe bright continued Pyramide of ſplendour
Shall ſoare above thy duller reach *Bermudo*,
And make thy faint ambition become more blinde
Than are thy thoughts that guide it.

Ber. VVhat curſes mutterſt to thy ſelf?
Are they 'gainſt me, or 'gainſt the deſtinies?

Cha. Thou art not worthy of my curſes,
And to curſe my ſtars were irreligious,
For 'twas Love, not Fate
That made *Charaſtus* thus infortunate.
Exit.

Ber. Farewell, a pair of Fondlins.
Is *Arontas* gon to publiſh our Decree?

Hall. He is my Lord. Shall I recall him?

Ber. Stir not a foot to hinder our deſigns.

Hall. Oh good my Lord! This is not the way
To keep you in your Kingdome long Sir.

Ber. VVhy? Lives there a man ſo bold
As to violate the Majeſty of a King?

Hal. It is a crime I muſt confeſs, that we *Scicilians*
Moſt abhor; nor do I think there lives a man
So irreligious: But by your leave,
He is no King that has no Subjects,
And if you take this courſe, what Subjects will remain?
Conſider ſir, Love is the principall cauſe
That begets you Subjects, And if you take away
The Cauſe, the effect will follow.

Ber. Let not that trouble you ſir.
Let it be your care joyn'd with *Arontas*
To ſend a Guard unto the utmoſt limits of our Kingdom
That bound upon the other Promontories
With a Commiſſion to let none paſs:
If any of another Nation come within their reach,
Bring ſtraight to our ſubjection; which don
Haſte ye unto our Ports, burn there our ſhips;
If that a man eſcapes, your heads ſhall pay his ranſome.
We long have ſurfeted with extremes, and now
Extremes ſhall cure this deadly malady,
Which Juſtice is *Haliſdus*, and not Tyranny.
Exeunt.

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Virtuſius.

Vir. Once more in ſpight of fortune, and the raging waves
Of a tumultuous Sea, does my unhappy foot
Salute the Earth again. Did ever man
From all eternity behold a night ſo diſmall
Leave behinde no ſad remembrance of its former horror?
Here's not a ſtemm that's widdowed of his leaf,
No, nor one branch become
The hopeleſs iſſue of the Husbandman, but all
In a ſweet tranquillity enjoy that happineſs
Which Nature has allotted them: I am
The onely object of Heavens Tyranny,
Elſe had theſe ſenſeleſs Plants
Periſh'd this fatall night, when both the Artick,
And Antartick Poles, ſtriving to kiſs each other,
Confounded Heaven, Earth, Sea, Hell, and All
Into an indigeſted Chaos: yet in this dire
Confuſion of the Elements, theſe ſtand untoucht
Outbraving Fortunes Malice, whil'ſt wretched I,
The heavens leaſt part of care,
Was banded too and fro by the immercileſs winds
Uncertain of a reſt, and had not the thought
Of thee my *Thetbia*, ballanc't my tottering ſoul,
The inſatiate boſome of the Ocean
Had been my wiſh't for grave.

Enter Fidelio like a Shepheard.

Sir, the fortune of the Sea having cast me,
A sad and desolate man, upon the Confines
Of an unknown Land, I must desire
Your charitable disposition to declare
Your Countreys name unto me.

Fid. Most willingly. Know sir you are cast
Upon a most unfortunate shore, *Lelybæus*
Is the Countreys Name, one of the three
Promontorian Kingdoms of famous *Scicily.*

Vir. Heavens, now I see ye are not altogether cruell:
This is the happy Countrey that my voyage aim'd at.

Fid. Call it not happy sir, for tis the most
Infortunat'st habitation that ever man enjoy'd.

Vir. It seems not so by the outward Appearance.

Fid. Oh no! Nature has bedeck't it with the best
Of all her ornaments, nor could she, if she would
Create another world, frame any part
To parallel with this.

Vir. What diastrous chance then
Has made it thus unfortunate?

Fid. Pardon me if I refuse to tell you that,
The relation whereof would draw tears
From my ore-charged eyes. Let this Decree
Inform you sir.

He gives him a paper, and he reads.

Heavens I thank ye: This curtesie
Will make me dye ungratefull to your bounty.
Oh how my soul now gluts it self, to see his enemy
Thus offer'd as a sacrifice to his incensed Ire!
Just anger seise me then, and *Constantine*,
Let the thoughts of thy sad sufferings
Inspire my soul with vengeance, arm my strength
With a Revenge as ample as the cause:
Yet Prince *Virtuso* I'le not kill thee basely;
That were to mistruft my cause, which is as just
As heavens are innocent, Thou shalt not dye
For to be damn'd in ignorance: No, I'le summon
All thy faults, and thunder 'um to thy ears;
If then thy treachery has not exil'd thy valour,
Let thy sword plead thy innocence?
By which most noble pleading thou shalt dye
Honor'd, by my Revenges charity.

Vir. Oh my unjuster stars! Why did ye stop
The Oceans mouth, denying me an entrance,
Yet bring me here to be entomb'd
Alive upon the shore? was it because I fear'd
Your threatning waves, or that the louder windes
Strake terror to my affrighted Conscience?
This cannot be:
For how oft in scorn has my undaunted sighs
Ecchoed the blustering winds, and my full tide eyes
For fear of scarcity, how oft have they
Replenished the waves, and nourish'd
The decaying Billowes? Yet must all this be
The Prologue only to my ensuing Tragedy?
Oh cruell Pity! Oh inhumane charity!

Enter Charistus.

Fid. Peace sir: The King.

They Kneel.

Cha. Why kneel ye unto me sirs?
If I have not deserv'd your pity,
I have not deserv'd your scorn I am sure.

Fid. The Heavens forbid, when ere I see
Such Beames of Majesty, that I should presume
To approach without that awfull adoration
Which my Allegiance payes unto my Soveraign.

Cha. 'Tis true, good Subjects ought to do so:
But when a Lyon's dead, the baser Ass
Will come, and trample on him,
And spurn that face, which when alive
Was death to look on.

Fid. Such incivility becomes the Beasts;
But man whose purer soul
Claimes something of divinity, can easily discern
That sacred Majesty which on Kings
Hang like the Gods refin'd *Ideas*: He cannot be
So foolishly impious, to think the Sun,
Because oft times he does obscure himself
Under the gloomy shade of some gross exhalation,
That he never will again come to his pristine splendor.
How oft do we see those blazing Members

Of

Of the Ayre, decline? those fiery Comets,
Which though compos'd of exhalations
Covet the highest Region, where hurried
With their vain imaginations for a while they reign,
Contracting their own ruine that at length will come
As suddenly as fearfull? Such will *Bermudo's* fall be,
And the higher he lifts his towring thoughts,
The deadlier will his precipice become.
Cha. Canst thou perceive that Majesty which to Kings
Is still essentiall, and speak these words against
Thy lawfull Soveraign? Surely thou art no *Scicilian*.
Fid. I am great sir, and yet dare say
'Tis virtue makes a King: Majestie without that
Is a disjoynted structure that must fall,
And come to ruine. 'Tis not a Crown alone
That I adore, for should I dote on that,
And slight the goodness which you are Master of,
I were worse than he, that fears the Idoll,
Yet contemnes the Godhead: since then *Bermudo*
Wants the better part of King, a Royall soul,
I'le look on him, as on polluted incense,
Sacred, though not holy; And on you, as on
An unfurnish'd Temple, pious, though not glorious.
Then pardon sir, if I prefer an undecent sanctity
Before a comely wickedness.
Cha. Could'st thou distinguish, I confess 'twere just:
But since wise Nature has ordain'd
Goodness essentiall to Supremacy, 'tis fit
You serve and honour him.
Fid. And so I will: but it must be
As Infidels do Devils, for fear, not love.
Far be it from me sir to confine
Goodness to Greatness only, or suppose that man
Is solely Royall that's ambitious;
That were to thinke the Heavens an easie sponge,
From which the daring soul
Squeases his ends out: He rather sir is great
That dares be good.
Cha. Then thou art great I swear; exceeding great:
Thou canst distinguish between good and good.
Had I had such an intellectuall soul
To put a difference 'twixt those attributes
That make a King compleat, the gilded flashes of his tongue
Would then have rendred him, as far contemptible,
As now he is fatall. Come nearer to us Shepherd:
Nay! flatter not a falling greatness;
To kneel unto an Altar that's defac't
Smels more of Superstition than Devotion:
Arise, worthy our Armes,
And if thou needs will serve thy King
In me his small Epitome, chide not his folly
With this strickt observance; to make him Master
Of those joyes, which he han's power to command,
Is exprobation not affection.
Vir. Noble *Charastus!*
Thy miseries cannot outvie thy virtues,
Nor can they suffer an ignoble act
To derogate from fortunes Conquest,
Though she has made thy sufferings
Ample as her power. Wonder not, great Prince,
Who 'tis dares Comment on thy miseries,
Since none can truly know a Kingdomes loss,
But he that feels it.
Cha. If thou hast lost one then,
And that experience stimulates this boldness,
I shall rejoice in thy society: I oft have seen
A feather'd Captive sadly in a cage
Mourning in silence his determin'd freedome,
But having got a partner of his sufferings, the silly Bird,
As if revived by anothers mischief,
Has from his drousie taciturnity awak't,
Chirping sweet *Io Paans* to our ravish't ears,
Untill his eyes became the sad oblation
Of his fainting voyce.
Vir. Behold a partner then, One

That fortunes malice has in sundry shapes
Horrid as Cowards fears, or midnight apprehensions,
Strove to appall his courage, yet to him
Those *Panick* horrors seem'd but painted fires
Quench't with the smallest drop of his resolution.
Behold a Prince equally distressed
But if our sympatheticall disasters
Has not created an instinct to kind me,
Summe up your patience sir, and that will tell you
That none can parallell its fortitude,
Except *Pachynas* Prince, Infortunate *Virtusius*.

Cha. Stay, and ere thou further speak'st
Let me survey thee fully, for in thee is drawn
The just resemblance of my misery.
By all our former happiness! 'Tis rarely limn'd;
Fortune, thou hadst eyes, thou nere couldst
Copie me so truly else.
Oh Royall Prince, my woes sad character!
Let us incorporate, and be one,
One Monumentall Trophee of misfortune.
Bear witness oh thou sacred Register of united hearts,
How *Virtusius* here joyes to behold *Charastus* there.

Vir. Alli'd thus by misfortune, our united wills
Shall hate a separation. One act wee'l still pursue;
One thought wee'l think; One soul wee'l have;
One heart, and one Ambition.

Cha. Ambition! In that wee'l imitate our mother Earth,
To fall is her Ambition, should she aspire,
Twere not Ambition, because not naturall.

Vir. This Union sown in tears
Shall rise in glory; my prophetick soul divines it:
Mean while wee'l live here in these woods disguis'd,
Sometimes wee'l visit Court, and see if Fate
Will put a period to our sufferings, till then
From you renowned Shepherd we must crave concealment.

Fid. Your graces may command your humblest vassall.

I have a story of my own to tell you; But for a while
I must crave leave to lie concealed.

Cha. Then wee'l not urge it.
Hence, hence Ambition now, and all those pleasing thoughts,
Which Crowns and Scepters whistled to our ears,
The silent Groves, and murmuring streams,
The shadie woods, and whistling winds, will be
A recreation beyond Court vanities. There we three
Will fancy to our selves a Triarchy.

Exeunt.

Act. 1. Scen. 4.

Enter Bermudo.

Ber. Of what aery substance is Mans soul
That still 'tis so ambitious to aspire?
The higher still I am lifted, the more I covet.
Is there no end Heavens of our vain desires?
Cannot a Crown and Scepter stay our courting thoughts?
But must we aim at things impossible?
Are we All compos'd of that same disputable element,
Whose question'd flames outstrips the highest Region?
Is there no Earth commixt within us,
Or did we drop it at our first creation?

Enter Halisdus.

Thou envious Man, why com'st thou with a face
So wretched, thus to check our joyes?
What sorrow 'ist thy tears does thus prognosticate?

Hal. I now lament the wofull fruits
Of your dire cruelty: Oh too much wronged Princess!
Wretched *Desdonella!*

Ber. What of her? Perhaps her passion
Has caus'd her to lay violent hands upon her self.
Is't not so?

Hal. Your Highness is too true a Prophet,
For the wofull Princess when as the fatall newes
Of her dear brothers Misery, resounding in her ears
Was seconded by the late publish't edict,
Knowing That

That she could not live without your anger,
Which to her was worst of miseries,
Threw her dejected body into the hideous stream,
Where the enamoured wave proud of their rich prey
Even kild her with embracings.
Ber. She was a fond and foolish woman.
We will not spend one tear would it recover her.
Hal. She lov'd you sir too too well.
Ber. For that we will not. Those dooser thoughts
Shall never ceise *Bermudo*: The world shall know,
To offend in those absurdities is not the Nature
But the Vice of Power, from which I'le flye
As from a singing Syren, or a weeping Crocadile.
Enter Aronat.
What newes portends your haste?
Aron. Two ships, my gracious Lord, this morn
Arriv'd within your harbour, which we,
Bound by our duty, & your expresse Command,
Took, ransaked, and burnt: But seizing of the men,
Two cried out, Lay not your hands on sacred Majesty;
For we are Kings: yet nevertheless
We have brought 'um here to be examin'd by your highness.
Ber. Spies on my life! Let 'um be brought before us;
They shall dye. 'Tis I, their fate, have said it.
Exeunt.
Kings are not safe in their own territories;
But still are subject unto Treachery.
He that ascends a Throne by such severe,
And unjust dealing, goes but on a slippery path,
Where but to a stumble is a precipice.
Beware *Bermudo* then, Traps are laid to take thee,
Envie's big, and will be deliver'd of her brat Ambition,
Which we must strangle in the Infancy,
Or all will perish.
He that begins in mischief must go on, and in it reign,
If he but leanes to virtue once, he fals amain.
Exit.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter *Virtuso* hastily, and *Fidelio* following, in each hand a naked Rapier.

Fid. O Save thee Great Prince, from yonder Hill
A fierce and cruell Beast comes raging.
Vir. Where is this hideous Monster?
Fid. Alas! it follows thee: Here, take this sword,
And stand upon thy Guard; See, how he yawnes,
As if he meant to swallow thee alive:
His eyes are numberless from which proceeds
Such a sulphureous flame, that alas, I fear,
The very smell will kill thee: Oh what a black
And noysome mist his gaping mouth sends forth?
His tongues spit floods of venome, and his reaching tayle
Sweeps down whole mountaines, on his
Cristed back doth rise, so many and such massy spears,
That you would swear whole Armies
Came to thy destruction.
Vir. I see nothing, sir, so horrid.
Fid. Alas, it comes invisible.
Vir. Would'st have me fight with shadowes?
I fear you are distracted sir.
Fid. So, now yon are safe from company, I'le be more plain.
This fierce inhumane Beast, which I so mention'd,
Lodges here, here in my Breast his den is,
Long on my inmost Bowels he has gnaw'd
Lacking his worthy prey; But now on thee
He means to seize. Revenge his Name is;
You may guess the Monster.
Vir. My innocence is ignorant of his Nature.
Fid. I'le prompt it in few words. You must dye.
Vir. It is acknowledged: So must we All.
Fid. Nay, by this Hand I mean, Revenges Instrument.
Vir. I am so innocent,

I can't perſwade my ſelf to credit you.
Fid. Cowards ſtill plead Innocence. Dar'ſt thou not fight?
Vir. My cauſe too good is, yours too bad. Think what a ſtaine my honor would receive,
Should I but fight when ſuch an inequality
Parts our cauſes. *Fid.* Oh Coward!
Vir. Are you more valiant, Becauſe
In a diſtemper'd rage you dare draw a ſword,
Which not provok't you durſt not?
'Tis he is truly valiant that will fight,
Not when his furious Blood boyles
In his veines thus, not when a fervent inundation
Swells his diſtemper'd channels, but when it coldly flowes
With a mild, ſoft, and quiet motion:
Thoſe ſtreams that run with ſuch a hideous violence
Are ſtill the ſhalloweſt; The ſilent waters
Are moſt dangerous.
If I have wrong'd you ſir in ſuch a manner,
That nought but death will expiate my crime,
Let me underſtand my fault before I dye.
Beaſts do not fight without their naturall parlye.
Fid. I ſcarce have ſo much patience
As to tell thee: Thou had'ſt a ſiſter.
Vir. And, hope I have one yet. What of her?
Fid. Canſt thou remember her, and no crimſon Bluſh
Stain thy immodeſt cheeks? oh impudence!
Vir. When I remember her,
I have leſs guilt than I expected:
For if my wronging her my onely fault is,
Heaven knowes I am virtuous.
Fid. Hell is divine then: Leſs Tyranny is harbour'd there.
If for to cloyſter up a ſiſter be a vertue,
Let me be vicious Heavens: For to have kill'd her
Had been charity; But to bury her alive
Where ſhe muſt ſtill conſume in Loves hot torturing flames
And never periſh, is an act that Saints
All humane Malice. Know'ſt not me yet?
Know'ſt not *Fidelio*?
Vir. Fidelio! Let me embrace thee; I muſt.
Fid. Keep off diſſembling Crocadile: Too long
Has the thought of thee already rioted in my boſome,
Which now I'le baniſh quite: Prepare to dye.
Vir. Hold yet your hand:
She is not in a Nunnery as you think.
Fid. Ha! Is ſhe dead then? oh my miſconſtruing ſoul!
'Tis too true: Can I know it,
And let thee live a minute after?
Vir. Do not abuſe your patience: She is not dead.
Fid. What happy place containes her then?
Vir. I know not that ſir.
When that my Father did with bad ſucceſs
Send unto *Delphos*, to demand what fortune
Should betide my ſiſter, after that ſolemn Contract
That was made between you; He received from thence
This ſhort but fatall Oracle.
Brabantes take this anſwer, and no other,
Thy daughter's born to diſinthrone her Brother.
The'e words did ſo inrage my Father,
To think his own bowels ſhould root out
His own poſterity, that nought but
The immurement of my ſiſter could aſſwage his Paſſion,
Which ſhortly he determin'd to performe;
But ſhe, the night before that diſmall day,
The ſilent darkneſs helping her eſcape,
Departed from the Court; But whither
I am uncertain, for my raging Father
Suppoſing me the plotter of her flight, next day
Did baniſh me his Kingdom, on pain of death
Not to return without her.
Firſt to *Peloris* I begon my voyage,
Which then I found all drown'd in tears,
Lamenting your departure, which as I heard
Her late ſuppos'd immurement had caus'd.
Long there I ſtaid not, but ſayling onwards,
The tempeſtuous Sea caſt me unawares
On this infortunate Kingdome; Where I ſhall never finde her. *Fid.*

Fid. And would'ſt thou carry her back again
To her impriſonment? Oh! the unconſcionable
Cruelty of a Brother!
Vir. Do not deceive your ſelf. Heaven Knowes
My thoughts are innocent.
Fid. Talk not of innocence falſe man,
It is a virtue which thy childhood nere could boaſt off,
Thy tainted blood runs thick within thy veines,
And I muſt vent it, leſt it prove dangerous.
Vir. 'Twill prove as clear as chriſtall
In token of my Innocence: No ſilver wandring ſtream
Shall with a purer current flow, than this
My unpolluted blood ſhall, to invite
Thy guilty hands, to waſh them of their ſtaine.
Fid. There I could bathe eternally, and never faint.
Prepare. Have at you ſir. So cunning?
They fight, and a Letter drops.
Vir. Hold: What had I forgot?
For this ſame crime *Fidelio* I will not dye
Innocence is wrong'd in't: I'le give thee
A juſter cauſe for thy Revenge, thy ſiſters Will:
Here in this letter 'tis inclos'd.
He gives him the Letter.
Fid. Letters to me from *Thesbia*? art ſure
The inclos'd injunctions are to kill thee?
Vir. Her threatning brow at my departure told me ſo.
VVhen I receiv'd them, me thoughts her face appear'd
Like to a quiet ſtream criſpt on the ſuddain
By ſome gentle winde, which ſoon, too ſoone
Aroſe to Billowes; Then her tongue
Proclam'd me vagabond, commanding me to finde
My ſiſter and her Brother, or neer to ſee her more.
Fid. Thou wilt grow odious to all the world.
She lov'd thee once *Virtuſus*, and ever would
Had not thy virtue fail'd, for which
If now ſhe has ſent thy doome,
Millions of Armies ſhall not hold my hand
From acting a Revenge, that ſhall puzzle
All the Furies for to ſecond.
He reads.
Vir. Never did guilty Priſoner at the Bar
Await the ſentence of the Magiſtrate, with ſuch
A Holy and Religious fear as I do mine.
See how his clouded brow
Already doomes me guilty: Such another look
Would ſave the Executioner his labour.
Fid. Oh cruell ſiſter! Would'ſt have me pardon him?
Think'ſt thou he is innocent? the cruell Leopard
Is leſs ſpotted.
Enter a Meſſenger.
The Newes?
Meſſ. The Prince *Charaſtus* is return'd from Court,
And does deſire a ſpeedie conference.
Fid. Wee'l wait him inſtantly.
Meſſ. But good ſir, ſtay not; The affaire,
He ſayes, is very weighty. *Exit.*
Fid. My ſiſters pleaſure, and the Kings affairs
Defers our combate till ſome other time, meane while
Read this incloſed Letter, my ſiſter ſends it thee,
Shee'l not the Proverb break,
Love bids us write what we are ſham'd to ſpeak.
Exeunt.

Act. 2. *Sce.* 2.

Enter Arontas and Spadatus.
Spa. VVhy ſo ſad *Arontas*?
Can the Honors lately confer'd upon you
Make you forget your wonted liberty?
Aron. I am already weary with their burthen;
Fate has converted my felicity to a wickedneſs
So horrid, that the Ghoſts of injur'd Kings
VVill for ever haunt me.
Spa. VVhat deſert in thee can procure
So Royall Attendance?
Aron. Haſt thou not heard then of that cruelty
Which will for ever record my name

Amongst the Tyrants?
Spa. I yet am ignorant; Prithee inform me.
Aron. I tremble but to think on't.
The Kings of *Pachynus* and *Pelorus*, going to *Delphos*
To consult, about the finding of their late lost Children,
VVere by the last infortunate Tempest
Cast on this Shore.
Spa. What of that?
Aron. I, bound by my new got office, and the hopes
Of future honor, presented them to the King,
Who, contrary to my expectation, has,
As Spyes, condemn'd them, left by their flight
The world should know the Tyranny of his cruell Lawes.
Spa. And must they dye then?
Aron. Most certain.
Spa. Surely they must not.
Aron. VVhy? what should hinder?
Spa. The people.
Aron. Heavens keep such thoughts from *Scicily*.
The People? they resist Authority?
Spa. May they not oppose a Tyrant?
Aron. Take heed whil'st they oppose one
They introduce not thousands. Be confident
The ruine, spoile and rape of Innocence that attends
But one such single act, will be far greater than
The malice of ten Tyrants can ever perpetrate.
Spa. Though Innocence may suffer for a while in it,
And much too, Yet we shall at length be free.
Aron. Nevet, Oh never. Ope but that gap once,
And ten thousand unseen miseries will enter.
Those whom the People dote on so, admire,
And saint for seeming virtues, if they once get power
(Heavens having stampt that curse still on such changes)
Will turn the greatest and the worst Tormentors.
Oppression in a lawfull King, is but a kinde of wantonness;
But in all others, a Necessity. No power, I must confess,
There is without its whip; but the usurper
Lashes with Scorpions.
Spa. Then we can change again.
Aron. Most likely sir you will.
Change will beget a change, till All are nothing.
Rebellion is a Circle that will finde no end
Till men want Ambition, or the People, Madness.
Spa. What must we do then?
Aron. Keep close unto that sacred rule of strict obedience.
Though Tyrants reign, one grave, or age may end it;
But Government let loose to change, and popular disorders,
Contracts that ruine which nothing but eternity can bury.
Spa. I find it a sad truth; yet would these Kings
VVere sav'd though. I am strangely troubled.
Aron. No King can fall, but good men
Finde an Earthquake.
Spa. Shall we to Court, and see the event?
Aron. Lead on, I'le follow. Oh Allegiance,
Thou elder child of Virtue, Lend us thy passive fortitude,
With that high Saint-like goodness arm this Nation.
Resistance ever brings a swift damnation.
Exeunt.

Act. 2. *Sce.* 3.

Enter Brabantas, Speraxus, and Taylor.
Jay. My Lords, the King commends him to ye
In this Message. He bad me tell ye,
Ye must prepare your selves for a Noble,
Suddain, and a fatall entertainment.
Bra. What does his cruelty entend to do now?
Jay. No more than *Tarquin* did to the Poppeys
When he lopt their stately heads off.
Bra. Must then our Heads goe off?
Jay. No sir; They must be cut off: My worship Is

Is appointed to execute that honourable function. (thus

Bra. Base peasant, has thy Master sent thee
To jeer our Misery?

Jay. Good words sir, I shall be a cruell Destiny,
And have three cuts at your thread of life else.

Bra. Thus dares the baser Asis revile the dying Lyon.
Hence thou unnecessary Parenthesis of Nature,
Or by my just anger, thou shalt be our Harbinger.

Jay. I am gon, but shall return in Thunder. *Exit.*

Bra. Oh ye powers!
Where's that Majestick glory, which to Kings
Is still essentiall? where is that awfull power
Which our least Nod may justly chalenge?
Surely you have but flatter'd us, else Peasants tongues
Could ne're thus triumph o're our Misery.

Spe. Be patient Great *Brabantas.*

Bra. Oh 'tis above my patience, that we two
VVhom the All-potent Gods have fram'd their Image,
And have given as equall power to rule in Earth
As they in heaven, should thus be mock't by one
Whom Natures over-charged breast has vomited,
And made a drossy lump worth nought
But scorn and foul reproach of purity.
Kings are Earths Gods, how dares the baser sort
Prophane their Deities?

Enter Fidelio and Virtuous like Priests.

Vir. Most Royall sirs, no sooner did your sad estate
Arrive our Knowledge, but it rais'd
Pity within us, so far, that being bound
By the Religion of our office, and the commiseration
Of your Miseries, we thought it fit to visit ye,
And prescribe some necessary comfort.

Bra. There is no comfort left beyond my miseries.
That name is banish'd quite; my crime so horrid is,
That all the infernall torments will be
But my deserved penance, and no punishment,
And the enduring them but my devotion, and no sufferance.
Oh reverend Fathers! there's such a crime
Lyes burthening my sad conscience, that to relate it
VVould affright your ears, and puzzle
Your Inventions for a penance. (nance

Fid. Let not the defect of a sufficient pe-
Make you irreligious; Heavens mercy
Is above your crime.

Bra. Had there been ever sin of such an exorbitant nature
For their mercies president, I might be confident;
But now to hope it, were flat impudence.
The crying voyces of my injur'd children
Are too clamorous for any prayers of mine
To arive there.

Vir. No question sir your Childrens cryes
Are Mediators for you. They will but prove the steps
Whereby your prayers may easily ascend:
It is their filiall duty.

Bra. Ought there to be a filiall duty
Where no paternall care was? Such goodness
Would but aggravate my crime; should they
But plead for me, how wicked then were I
In wronging them? oh sirs!
Is't not a crime most horrid, when a father
Shall immure his daughter in a Nunnery,
Because a foolish Oracle did say, she was born
To disinthrone her Brother?

Fid. Will not a carefull Husbandman oft-times
Cut off a branch, because he sees it may offend
Some other? Necessity compelleth oft to cruelty.
And he is mad that will not part
VVith a corrupted limb, when it may prove
Injurious to the whole body.

Bra. But he is worse that kills himself,
Because he wou'd not dye. Shall I
For fear of drowning from a well rig'd ship
Leap down into the waves? This is

Wilfully to court, that which I fain would ſhun.
Vir. Your Son ſir I perceive in this
Was chiefeſt Author; 'Twas his accurſed fear
That made your tenderneſs to uſe
Such rigour on your daughter. Though him you father,
Father not his crimes.
Bra. Would'ſt have me ſtill heap ſin on ſin?
Is not the ruine of a daughter an offence ſufficient,
But muſt I rob a Son too of his Honor,
And make a rape of Innocence my Relaxation?
My ſoul already is repleniſh't, I need not bring
Vice in a newer faſhion: Had he been guilty
He might have reſted ſafely in *Pachynus*.
Fid. No more: It is enough *Virtuſius*.
They diſcover.
Bra. I would my eyes were fountains
Fraught with tears, that I might ever
Weep for joy at this thy ſafety.
Spe. My Son *Fidelio*, welcome to my Arms;
Now let me dye *Bermudo*, for thus ſupported
Dare I ſtand out-braving Fate, and make
Death tremble at my boldneſs.
Bra. Ariſe my ſon; Let all the bleſſings
That the Earth can give to mortalls, light on thee:
That thou mayſt ſafely floriſh and ſpring up,
When this ſame withered truncks's blown down
By ages Tyranny.
Fid. Trifle not time, Great Sirs.
Take theſe our ill-beſeeming robes, in theſe
You may eſcape the Keepers curious eye,
And paſs all undiſcovered.
Bra. But how will ye eſcape then?
Vir. Leave that to Heavens and us.
Diſpute it not: I pray make haſte.
Spe. Heavens be your guard then.
Vir. And yours.
Exeunt Bra. and Spe.
Fid. Oh *Virtuſus*, Pardon my infidelity,
No thought of mine was the firſt that caus'd
That foul ſuſpition of thy Loyalty,
Only the ill-ſounding Trump of fame
Blew ſome ſuch ſpeeches to my ears, which they
Too ſuddenly entertain'd, and would as ſuddenly
Have baniſh'd, had not ſome envious tongues
Then ſeconded it. That friendſhip which before
I vow'd, ſhall now be eſtabliſh'd;
I have call'd a Parliament within me,
'Tis now confirm'd by Act. Fool that I was
Ever to miſtruſt thee.
A continued cry within of Fire.
Heark, tis done; *Charaſtus* now I ſee
Thou art truly faithfull.
Enter Charaſtus haſtily.
Cha. The Lodge is fir'd, the Keeper's gone,
And I am purſude. *Both.* How? purſude?
Cha. Time will not give us leave to talk on't;
Make haſte, and ſave your ſelves. *Exeunt.*
A confuſed company paſs o're the ſtage, crying ſtop the Shepherd.

Act. 2. Sce. 4.
Enter Bermudo and Arontas.
Ber. What tumult's grown in our diſturbed Court?
Will not the heavens permit me for to take
One peaceſull hour, But muſt they ſtill
Moleſt my wearied ſenſes with theſe diſmall ſounds?
But heavens I thank ye: ye have now awak't
And ſummon'd up an almoſt forgot Revenge:
The ſlow pac't time is now fulfill'd in which
The two proud inſolent Kings are doom'd to ſuffer. *A cry within of fire.*
Heark: Surely the Gods already have prepar'd a fire,
And do expect the Kings for ſacrifice.
A cry again of fire.
Still more and more; Look out *Arontas*.
Exit Arontas.
What ſhould theſe flames portend? what ſecret myſtery
Is in Fate, that paſſes thus a Kings capacity?
Be it good or bad, ſpeak it ye powers;
Speak it in thunder Heavens: or if
The affrighted world muſt ſtill be ignorant of its ruine,
Let ſome gentle wind whiſper it to me alone:

Why

Why ſhould *Bermudo* be deni'd to be Fates
Councellor?
If it be treachery againſt me you would con-
ceal thus,
Be ſpeedy in your plots, I will unfold 'um
elſe,
Unlock fates Cabinet, rip ope the all-con-
taining breaſts
Of the inſcrutable deſtinies, where thus
I'le diſſipate them all. Ha! *A ſhout within.*
Why trembleſt ſo my breaſt? wilt never be
refin'd
From that terreſtriall paſſion? Are not my
thoughts
Too crown'd? Muſt they ſtill live
In baſe ſubjection unto fear?

Enter Arontes.

The cauſe *Arontes*, quickly?
Aron. The Porters lodge, moſt gracious ſir,
Fir'd by a malicious Shepherd, cauſed
Theſe ſudden acclamations of your Subjects.
Ber. And was that a fit ſubject for their ri-
diculous ſhouts?
Now I perceive they are weary of my go-
vernment,
Elſe my danger could nere beget their mirth.
Aron. The mirth proceeded at the Shep-
herds Apprehending:
See where he is.

*Enter Spadatus Jayler and Guard bring-
ing in Virtuſus and Fidelio.*

Jay. Juſtice moſt gracious Soveraign. Ju-
ſtice I deſire.
Ber. 'Tis Treaſon to ſuſpect the contrary.
Which was the Author of the flames?
Jay. Of that your great Authority muſt
inform you,
For both were taken flying, yet but one
Was ſeen about the Lodge; which that one
was
By examination you may eaſily find ſir.
Ber. Be aſſur'd wee'l do our beſt: it con-
cerns us neerly.
In the mean while fetch you forth the Pri-
ſoners.
Jay. Your Highneſs will ſhall be obey'd.
Exit.
Ber. VVhen the ſeverer hand of Juſtice
menaceth deſtruction
The innocent oft trembles, when the guilty
ſmiles:
How often has my doom beat terror
To affrighted Innocence, yet theſe two
Conſcious perſons, which muſt upon ne-
ceſſity expect
'Its fatall fall on them dare arm themſelves
With impudence, and ſuffer their audacity
To outface my juſtice, appearing rather
My Judges than my Priſoners.
Are all good manners blotted from your
memory?
If that the horror of my Juſtice cannot
Beat down thoſe ſtubborn flood-gates, yet let
Your guilty conſciences make roome for
ſhowres
Of penitentiall tears to wipe away
My hovering ſeverity, of it will fall as una-
voidable
As deadly. VVhen heavens thunder ſpeaks
The ſenſeleſs Aſh will bow his head in a true
Submiſſive reverence, but the ſtubborn Oak
Unmov'd reſiſts their threatnings, and with
ſoaring pride
Advances ſtill his branches; But oft times
we ſee
He payes a fatall forfeit for his impudence.
So ſhall ye.
Vir. He ſtands to be ſuſpected ſir that
baſely fears.
Who would commit pure and undefiled
Innocence
Unto ſo cowardly a protection?
Ber. VVho dares be vicious, dares be im-
pudent in deniall.
That is an eſſentiall part of Villany;
He is but a poor proficient in the Mercurian
Art,
That frames not an excuſe before the Plot.
Fid. Excuſes ſir we have none: There is
Too great a contrariety 'twixt innocence
and them,
One breaſt cannot harbour both.
Ber. That Innocence which you ſo falſely
to you
Attribute, is but an excuſe it ſelf, or other-
wiſe
It would have dar'd the utmoſt of ſuſpition
And not have caus'd ſuch timerous flight.
Fid. Does not the Lamb the ſacred Em-
bleme
Of happy Innocence, make haſte away, if he
once ſpye

A ravenous wolfe purſue him? and yet his flight
Ought not to raiſe the leaſt ſuſpition of his virtue.
The diſmall noyſe of Fire worſe than a ravenous wolf
Followed our ears, which made us I confeſs to flie;
But whither? only to your Court ſir.
Had we been guilty, we never could ſuppoſe
Your Court to be our Sanctuary;
For he is mad, that having ſlain the husband
Will ſeek protection in the widows houſe: Y
We had been far worſe, that having fir'd a Member,
Would dare to take refuge in the body.
Will e're the timerous Hart flie unto the Hunter?
Or the harmleſs Dove meet the purſuing Falcon?

Enter Jayler.

Jay. Mercy moſt gracious Soveraign, Mercy I deſire.
Ber. Where are the priſoners ſirrha?
Jay. They have eſcap't, my Liege. Mercy, oh mercy.
Ber. Eſcap't? Speak it again villain.
Jay. They have eſcap't. Oh mercy.
Ber. Eſcapt? what treachery is hatching in the infernall Pit?
What damn'd Magitians has the Furies ſent
To ſtupifie a Kings divinity? ye heavenly Powers,
And you diviner Providence, yield,
Yield your precedency to Hell,
From thence proceeds the Maſter-piece of plots
That juſtly robs you of Supremacy. Eſcapt!
It was as eaſie for a Lamb to eſcape
From out the pawes of a half ſtarv'd Lyon,
Or for a damned body to return from out
The jawes of *Acheron*, had they not been
More than mortall. They were Devils, damned Devils,
Sent from Hell to jeer me.
Had they no other ſhapes to perſonate but Kings?
Muſt Divinity become a cloak to Treachery?
Oh ye Gods reſtore 'um back again,
Or take your Bountie.
Aron. Good my Lord, this paſſion ill becomes your Highneſs.
Ber. I am mad *Aronus*, ſtark mad:
Fury like lightning feeds upon my ſoul.
Good Heavens ſend down ſome miniſtring Spirit
To divert this flame, or I ſhall fall
Arm'd with an univerſall ruine. Hear me
Ye juſt powers, 'Tis I, Fates Fate, intreat ye.

Enter Habſdut, and Thesbia in boyes Apparell.

And art thou come bleſt Spirit? why now I ſee
The Heavens are but our wiſhes Inſtruments.
Hail glorious Saint, thy charity has rob'd thee
Of thy excellence: Thou that ſats't enthron'd
Amongſt the Deities, filling the heavenly Quires
With thy Harmony, whil'ſt with thy notes
The emulous Sphears jar'd in confuſion,
Why haſt thou vouchſaf't to lay aſide Divinity,
And viſit poor and undeſerving Mortalls?
Hal. Miſtake him not my Lord: He is a Mortall,
Sent as a Preſent from your Subjects
That guard the confines.
Ber. Thou art blind, old man, I can perceive
Divinity within him, the leaſt part whereof
Will make a monſter of Perfection. Nor ſhall I
Think him leſs than he does ſeem to be,
Unleſs his courteous voyce proclame it.
Theſ. Let no ſuppoſed excellence in me
Make you an Idolater, but if you ſee ought
In this poor fabrick, worthy this Admiration,
Admire the Deity that did infuſe it:
Give not the creature the Creators due.
Ber. If beauteous ſweet thou art mortall, as yet
I am not fully ſatisfied, Tell me thy name and Country.
Theſ. *Anthrogonus* men call me ſir.
Pelorus is my native Country.
Ber. Oh happy Country that canſt boaſt of ſuch a rarity!
Look here effeminate men, ye that with impartiall eyes
Adore a thing call'd woman, here, here
You may find a difference; but I have too much loſt my ſelf.

Revenge

Revenge bids me retire. *Jayler*, were not thy head
Too base to answer for two Kings,
I'de make thee an example to succeeding times
For such neglectfull villains.
Jay. Oh! good my Lord! my Lodge was fir'd only,
That I being busie in the quenching it
They might escape.
Ber. Thou promptst me well. Shepherds confess or dye.
Fid. He that confesses sir an undone crime,
Deserves the punishment of the sacrilegious;
Honor, that Holy and Religious Mysterie, is defil'd in't,
And if they be punish'd in the highest nature
That rob a Church of some divine and holy ornament,
What punishment deserve they that take away
Divinity it self, and make a rape of their Devotion.
Honor a household God is, which remov'd
Destruction surely enters.
Ber. Not confess then?
Oh Allegiance, where's now thy former glory?
Me thinks I see thee buried in the earth,
Crying aloud for vengeance on these Traytors.
Rest quiet soul, I will assert thy cause,
And wreck thy vengeance in a full effusion
Of blood and horror.
Once more bold Shepherds wee'l vouchsafe to ask ye,
VVill ye confess the Author? we may be mercifull.
Fid. I'le not bely our Innocence to gain your mercy.
Let me be tortur'd with all the torments
That timpanized cruelty swel'd to the height
Could ever yet invent first.
Ber. Let him have his will in't.
Away with him to Tortures.
Vir. Oh spare his life great King; Spill not one drop
Of his pure innocent blood. 'Tis worth thy Nation.
Ber. Let him confess then.
Vir. I will confess what ever you will have me.
Ber. Didst thou not fire the Lodg then?
Vir. Alas I did not.
Ber. *Jayler* away with him.
Vir. I did, upon my knees I did.
Fid. Believe him not great King: 'tis his accursed Policy
To rob me of the glory of my sufferings.
Vir. Shall I not be believ'd then? Stay, you need
No witness, when you have one really confessing.
Thef. It is confess'd you see great sir, what would you more?
Be now a King and pardon him:
Rigor becomes your petty Magistrates that know
Nothing of their Authority, but oppression.
A Throne's a Mercy-seat, and he that sits thereon
Ought to distribute it, where ere he sees
True penitence, that's promis'd by confession.
Ber. Peace *Anthrogonus*,
He is not worth thy pleading for.
Thef. Those better spirits that ascend
Will oft look down, and whersoere they see
Virtue oppressed, will vouchsafe to help with pitie.
I do no more, I pity him, and spend
Some tears, and prayers, a poor boyes benevolence.
Ber. Thy tears *Anthrogonus* have prevail'd.
My adamantin heart melts at those showers.
He shall live. And be thy prisoner only. No more.
Come, wee'l be for Martiall sports: The Boar
Wee'l hunt to morrow. Prepare our javelins.
A King like a *Colossus* stands, or'e striding fate
Whil'st envies sails swel'd with ambitious windes
Floateth between his legs, and cracks her Mast
With Admiration only at his height: No Fate
The true Nativity of Kings can calculate.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Charestus.

Cha. NOt one tear more I'le spend for thee my sister;
It is a grief too light to solemnize thy exequies.
My heart in silence shall weep blood, when I remember
Desdonellas fate. Hence then effeminate tears:
Ye are too soft an expresser of my misery,
The senceless Trees but struck in favor By the Sun
Will do as much, and shall I when fortune darts
Her reall beams of malice, express no greater sorrow?
Yes, an inward bleeding is most dangerous,
That, that I will learn to practise.

Enter Fidelio.

Cha. Fidelio! Let me embrace thee.
I do contain more worth within these arms
Than *Atlas* bears upon his shoulders. Speak dearest friend.
Where is *Virtuosus*? living or 'mongst the dead?

Fid. Alive too, but in prison.

Cha. I'le free him instantly; I'le have my Crown again,
Too long *Bermudo* has usurpt it. I'le break upon him,
Like some direfull Comet sparkling my vengeance
'Bout his Throne, or like a swelling channel long damn'd up
Will I discharge my streams on all sides of him,
Rushing forth with a strong and hideous torrent
As mischievous as irresistable.

Fid. Forbid it Providence. Be not too rash fond man,
Religion, and your sacred Lawes oppose it.
You have indulg'd him all the Prerogatives of Majesty,
Crown'd him your self, and should you now
Lay violent hands upon him before his Crown is forfeited,
How would you violate your Laws, and scandall
Your Religion? Think what an ease president
'Twill be hereafter to your Subjects.

Cha. Far be it from me to violate Religion:
I would not for the worlds vast Monarchy
Receive the morgag'd Crown before its forfeiture.
I'le wed *Flavanda* first, so doing
Religion seconds my attempts, and restores
The Diadem again unto me.

Fid. Still you grow rasher: will you for a Crown
Receive a Serpent to your bosome? His Sister? (titles
VVill all your glory, and your high swoln
Make constant her that loves thee not.
Take heed, there's danger in't, great danger.

Cha. Her Love's more constant than the Rocks,
Less blasted with the puffs of vain Ambition:
Nature has lost the mold where she was fram'd,
And cannot second what she did:
'Twas my *Flavanda* whom her curious hand
From all eternity strove to make perfect.

Fid. Were she the exactest piece of Curiosity that ever
Admiration doated on, yet if she want a soul
Able for to govern all those excellencies,
We cannot stile her perfect (Perfection being
The unity of both most excellent) our Loves
Like to our selves are still terrestriall,
Reflecting only on the outward object,
Without regard of that divine and most celestiall
Fabrick of the soul We think
Those seeming spots within the Moon, meer motes
And blemishes, when indeed they are most pure,
And most pellucide; so on the contrary,
VVe deem all virtuous that is fair, and yet
The Moon is fair we must confess, yet she
Is only constant in Inconstancy.

Cha. Can'st thou look virtuously on any thing that's fair?
Can's't thou behold dame Natures Masterpiece.
And no new Admiration swell thy enamourd fancie? Can'st

Can'ſt thou but ſeeme to court Divinity,
Or behold the Sun in all his glory, without a true
And reall Adoration? if ſo: Go court my beſt *Flavanda*.
Carry a thouſand *Ovids* in thy tongue,
Let thy words melt to the winning'ſt eloquence
That e're enchanted Lady; Speak in thy higheſt phraſe,
Thou canſt not flatter her; ſhe is as far beyond it,
As I come ſhort of admiration,
And if all this does produce a tear,
Or ſigh, more than in pity of thy folly,
I will as much abhor inconſtancy,
As now I doate upon her excellence.

Fid. I were injurious unto you, and to that Deity
That lies inſhrin'd within thoſe rayes, ſhould I
Preſume to approach but with a virtuous adoration.
No immodeſt thought ſhall once extract
An amorous glance, no rude word ſhall preach
Uncivill doctrin to her, nor any melting touch
Caſt a delicious ſilence o're her body, whil'ſt
Her pleas'd eye retorts a ſecond invitation:
All ſhall be truly harmleſs, all divine.
I'le lay a ſeeming ſiege againſt her conſtancy,
And if ſhe bravely can maintain that fort,
I'le ſtile thee happy in thy humble choyce, happier
Than thoſe that wed 'bove their aſpiring fortunes,
Where every nod of the diſpleaſed wife
Clames an obedience in the Huſband.

Cha. On to thy wars then, but take heed,
Fly not too long about thoſe flames, leſt that
Thy melted wings like to a ſecond *Icarus*
Throws thee down into a deadly Ocean of deſtruction,
Where thou muſt ſink eternally: So Farewell.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. *Scen.* 2.

Enter Virtuſus reading a Letter.

Vir. Thine for ever Thesbia. If this be true
I am above thee Fate. Why ſhould I doubt it? Her hand
Is the trueſt Character of her faith, her Seal
The firm and ſureſt obligation of her Love.
Which like the Gordian Knot binds moſt inſeparably.
'Tis that divineſt *Thesbia* that has tide
Our abſent ſouls together, reuniting too
Our hands though diſtant in as firm a Knot
As *Hymen* and his ſacred Rites could do, though preſent.
Be frolick then my ſoul; To day
Thou art wedded to thy happineſs. Swell high my blood;
I'le entertain my *Thesbia* in a dream:
There my delighted fancy may in ſpite
Of curſed diſtance, kiſs its fill,
There in a ſecond ſlumber I may lye
Melting my ſoul with hers, whil'ſt each embrace
Invites another, and each amorous look
Calls to a ſecond Parley; There my raviſh't ſenſes
Rapt to the higheſt extaſie may find our
New ſorts of pleaſures, and ſweet freſh delights.
Reſt here then melting ſoul, to All good night.

He ſleeps

Enter Thesbia.

Theſ. Did our chief bliſs conſiſt in worldly pleaſures
As *Epicurus* did define, I might ſuppoſe my ſelf
Moſt happy; But alas, take heed,
Truſt not a Lyon though he fawns.
Oh ye powers! why did ye not?
When this ſame fabrick lay like melted wax
Void of all form or feature, why did ye not
Frame it moſt miſerable? why was I made
Beyond the reach of happineſs?
I would *Bermudo* thou hadſt hated me,
I could have been ambitious then, and Crowns
Are like Love, nere pleaſant but in getting,
Once got, they are troubleſome: Happineſs conſiſts
In expectation only; Fond Gamſters when they play
Deſire to win, but having won, their p'ay is ended.

Sick men will please their thoughts with that,
Which to enjoy were deadly : Ambition
Were a virtue could it shun the end.
What sleeping prisoner? Thou art happy in thy thraldom;
Kings cannot sleep so soundly;
Where is my father Shepherd? where is he?
For whom thou endur'st this thraldom?
Cannot thy sleeps inform me? This Paper may.

She takes the Letter.

Ha? Amaze me not ye Heavens!
Do not abuse my too inclining senses with the sight
Of this same flattering object. Oh desire
Thou art a false Optick misleading of our fancies
To that sight which most we covet.
Why thus transform'd *Virtusus*? Are these a Princes Robes?
Is sleep a Lovers fellow? at noon tide too?
Then *Thesbia* is forgotten.
Sleep on sweet soul, she has deserv'd thy scorns;
Ler Quires of heavenly Spirits guard thy slumbers,
And when thou walk'st let thy enamourd soul
Turn to those pleasing sounds : *Thesbia* would have
No mortall Rivall. Alas he wakes.

Vir. Stay *Morpheus* stay, force not thy leaden wings
So quickly from mine eyes : oh let me ere behold
This pleasing object. How has my fancy
Travel'd all this while? what Seas, what Gulfs,
What unknown Lands has my imagination compast?
If dreams those weaker fancies of our brain
Can work so really upon our souls,
Oh let me dream eternally, let all my life
Be one continued slumber: Ha? a Vision!

Thes. No, a reall piece of Misery, one that begs
Upon his knees a Curtesie.

Vir. Thou art my Jayler boy,
Thou mayst command it.

Thes. I not command, but my obedient soul
Poures out it self in supplication : Because I am your Jayler.
Let not that keep back your clemencie,
I will become your fellow-prisoner rather,
Weep when you weep, sigh when you sigh,
And be the true and perfect flatterer of your misery.
Tell me, oh tell me! where's that unhappy King *Sperazus*,
Whose life thy loss of liberty has purchas'd?
Long have I sought him up and down,
Yet still was so unhappy as to miss him.

Vir. Wouldst thou betray him then false Boy?

Thes. Far be it from me, I would but chide him only;
Tell him he was cruell, inhumanely cruell,
Cruell to his own dear daughter,
Robbing her of that affection by his strict command
Which she had plac't on Prince *Virtusus*:
Nor was this enough to satisfie his ire,
But he must force her to revile him too,
(Heaven knows too much against her will.)
How oft poor maid has she with showres of tears,
Distilled from those never empty fountains,
Pray'd that the heavens would set an everlasting seal
Upon those lips that utter'd such a prophanation?
But they reserv'd them for to sing in heaven,
As now they do.

Vir. Is she dead then?

Thes. No, she lives in heaven a sacrifice
Unto *Virtusus* ire.

Vir. I have heard too much : Hence Night-Raven
Hence thou black interpreter of death,
Haste to the Stygian shades, be never more
Here heard on earth : Thy voyce will blast us all.

Thes. I am sorry sir——.

Vir. Hold, stop thy accursed Mouth;
Let it not breath such dismall vapors;
Haste unto *Pluto's* Quire, there let the Mandrakes voyce
Yell forth his Mattens; Howl there the Dirges
Of tormented souls; Learn Harmony from Toads.

Thes. Yet hear me.

Vir. Never, oh never. *Exit.*

Thes.

Thef. Thus often Politicians with their too much care
Turn what was perfect to a juſt diſpair.
Exit.

Act. 3. *Sce.* 3.

Enter Flavanda and Conſtantine as Shepherdeſſes.

Fla. Call you this place a Cottage, it is a beautious
Palace rather, adorn'd to entertain ſome Deity;
Art ſure? and Nature too has met to make it
A perfect Paradice: I have liv'd in ignorance too long;
Courts are falſe Opticks blinding our weaker fancies
With a falſe and baſely forg'd felicity.
This is the trueſt happineſs.

Con. Now I perceive things are moſt ſweet
Known by their contraries; Courtiers 'mongſt us
Are had in admiration, we whoſe ſimplicity
Can be but honeſt only think flattery virtue.

one knocks.

Fla. Some one knocks, pritheee admit him.

Enter Fidelio.

Con. One from *Charaſtus* Madam deſires
To ſpeak with you.

Fla. From *Charaſtus*? come you from him ſir?
Pardon me if I expreſs a greater pleaſure
Than modeſty will allow me: How does that Prince?
Alas, I fear all is not well you look ſo ſtrangely.
Is he alive or dead? ſpeak quickly, quickly gentle ſir.
Releaſe me of this fear. Why are you
So cruelly ſilent?

Fid. Admiration Lady ſtopt my ſpeech: He lives,
Lives happily in contemplation of your excellence.

Fla. Does this ſame viſit ſir proceed from him?

Fid. No Lady: my devotion bound me hither
With as great a zeal, as Pilgrims to their Pilgrimage.
For ſince *Charaſtus* tongue that poor interpreter
Of your worth blaz'd your perfections to me,
My heart would never be at quiet
Till my ambitious eyes were witneſſes of that excellence,
Which now alas I find of ſuch a ful authority,
That I am forc't to adoration; Thus low
I offer up my ſelf unto your mercy.
Oh be as gentle then as fair,
And let ſome ſhowres of pitie quench thoſe flames,
Or cruell love worſe than a flaſh of lightning
Will conſume the Sacrificer, Altar, and the Sacrifice.

Fla. If ſhowres of tears could quench the flame
I would be full of pity, but Loves fire
Is of that nature that the more we ſtrive
To quench it, the more it ſtill does burn.
Pity 'its fewell is, and ſhould I ſpend ſome Tears,
It would raiſe a ſtrange preſumption in you
Of an eaſie Conqueſt; I'le not deceive
Your hopes ſo much: *Charaſtus* ſir has conquer'd,
And is of force to keep. I am only his.

Fid. Only his? Good ought to be common ſtill:
Do not, oh do not, ſweet, confine a happineſs
To only one: Make not a ſtealth of Natures bounty,
But like ſome gentle ſtream running betwixt two fields
Be a delicious ornament to both.
The twining Ivie that aſcends
Embracing the lou'd Elm will oft vouchſafe
The encircling of ſome neighbouring bough, and yet
The Elm cannot accuſe it of inconſtancy.

Fla. To ſuffer our affections ſo to wander
Were but to proſtitute, and make common that
Which nature hath reſerv'd within for a prize
Due to the moſt deſerving.

Fid. The Sun himſelf nere ſtands upon curioſity,
But ſends his beams to all: He nere regards deſert.

Be wise *Flavanda*, know he that woes thee
Is a Prince, the Prince of great *Pelorus*
Whither he shall carry thee in as full a Triumph
As he would his *Penates*.
There thou mayst shine in all thy glory
Whilst thy Beholders melt to see those rayes,
And never seek a shade to shelter them.
Whil'st here you stay, the Tyrants Law
Worse than a grossy exhalation duls your beams,
Not suffering them to shine at all, no not so much
As on my friend *Charastus*.
Fla. With what face dare you call him friend
Whom thus you strive to ruine? Can you suppose
He will forget this injury? Surely
Hee'l ever hate you for't.
Fid. Hee'l rather love me for't:
Atheists themselves love Atheists, and shall we,
We of so pure a faith maintain a hate
Against one another for being of the same Religion?
How injurious should we prove unto that Deity
To whom we pay this reverence,
Should we but think her mercy lay confin'd
Within the circumscribed bounds of constancy,
Or suppose that that love can ere be limited
By a promise which Nature has made free;
Love rests not in a point, 'tis large,
Diffusive as the Ayre, not like a stream that still
Tends to the Ocean, but like some wandring flood
Which at the will and pleasure of the Spring
Returns unto her bosom: Draw part, Sweet,
Of that wandring flood to this side of the fountain,
Here let it come in a full effusion,
I'le meet its pleasing Billows with a virgin Love
That yet remains unstain'd, unproffer'd, unpolluted.
Con. Thou lyest, false man, 'tis stained, 'tis proffer'd,
And polluted too.
Fid. Nay, blush not, Sweet:
Thou'lt make *Aurora* blush to see her self out-gon
In her peculiar excellence.
Fla. Let not this crimson have a colourable mistake,
'Tis a red flag of just defiance 'gainst thy Treachery.
Recant fond man, thou wilt grow odious else,
More odious to me than my evill *Genius*:
I shall abhor thy sight till penitence
Has washt away this prophanation. Dearest of Friends,
If e're thou wilt do a favour to *Flavanda*,
Haste to *Charastus*, Tell him this man's disloyalty.
He surely will severely punish it.
Con. I obey most willingly.

Exit.

Fid. Now She's gone, I am not what I seem'd
The base abuser of thy constancy: No sawcy flame
Burns now within my veins, 'Tis a religious fire,
I cannot stile it love, but zeal.
Why didst thou sweet suspect me? I was
Too confident to be a Lover: Loves flames burn high
Still trembling with their height;
Mine were too base, and too audacious.
Be happy now *Flavanda*, ere that too morrows Sun
Shall deck these meadows with his beams
Hymen shall joyn you to *Charastus*. I was sent
Not as his Rivall, but his Instrument.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. *Sce.* 4.

Horns within.

Enter Bermudo.

Ber. This Boar has mist us strangely: I'le see
Whither I can trace him in the woods.

He goes out and enters again.

No sign at all? 'Tis strange: Where lies the wind?

North

North or North-East? He must needs be this way.
Stay: what foot is that? 'Tis fresh and newly printed.
Musick below ground.
Ha! Guard me *Diana*: A Rape, a Rape;
Where flies my ravisht senses? oh
From what earthly cave proceeds this heavenly harmony?
Dissolve, dissolve my soul, turn Ayr,
And Eccho forth those blest harmonious accents;
A voyce too? *Orpheus, Orpheus,* begst thou again *Euricide?*
Let amorous Lovers take delight
And glory in variety,
Love still to gaze, though every sight
Ads still unto their misery.
Song. I in a Cave
More pleasure have
Loving but one,
Than they that love,
Still to remove
Can in a Throne.
Surely the ground is holy where I tread;
The heavenly Choristers are met to day
To consecrate this wood. Eternall Ministers of heaven
If my rash foot has offended in the disturbance
Of your holy Ceremonies, blame my rude fortune.
Oh let me not wander here in admiration thus,
But send some gentle Ayr to be my guide
Out of this pleasing Labyrinth: Oh *Diana*
Take pitty on your servant.
Eccho. Servant.
Ber. What voyce calls? Art thou a tatling Eccho?
Eccho. No.
Ber. No? what art thou then? Art thou some gentle Nymph
Inhabiting these woods? or art *Dianas* self?
Eccho. Dianas self?
Ber. Most gracious Goddess of these silent groves,
Long has thy servant liv'd the poor admirer
Of thy excellence, long has he liv'd in ignorance
Of that glory whose true worth to know
Would surfet Admiration: Tell me, oh tell me,
Mayst thou be seen by mortall eye?
Eccho. I.
Ber. I will no longer live in ignorance.
I'le seek thee in the deepest caves,
Search the remotest corners of the wood
To view thy splendor. Oh stay then Gentle Goddess,
Fly not hence, oh stay I come.
Eccho. Stay, I come.
Ber. Come not to me sweet Goddess,
I am not worth such favour: 'tis happiness enough
For me to seek thee, though I nere should find thee.
Oh come not then, I am thy servant,
I am *Bermudo*, stay.
Eccho. Bermudo stay.
Ber. Yes, with a zeal as fervent as the
Melting Bride expects the wish'd arrivall
Of the Bridegroom.

Enter Desdonella from the Cave attir'd like a Sylvan Goddess.

Des. Lye there thou sweet and sole companion
Of my misery, whil'st I from out this solitary Cave
Behold the so admired fabrick of the Heavens,
And then contemplate on their excellence.
Ber. Eternall piece of chastity, at whose shrine
Pure Virgins offer up unspotted incence,
Lo thus prostrate at thy feet *Bermudo* lies
Offering himself a most unworthy sacrifice.
Des. Alas I am betraid: it is *Bermudo.*
I must dissemble.
Ber. Beauteous *Diana*, Goddess of the woods
May I behold thy splendor? As yet I durst not
Left thy refulgent eyes should blind me for presumption.
Oh draw a veil ore that majestick countenance
I shall be blinded else with too much seeing.
Des. Mens weaker eyes must not behold
Divinity in all its lustre: That were a sight
Too glorious, else *Bermudo* I would appear to thee

Deckt with divine, and holy ornaments,
But envious Fates forbid that happiness to man,
I must assume some other shape
Before thou canst behold me.
Ber. Take any gracious Goddess so I may see thee,
Couldst thou assume the Devils 'twould be lovely.
Def. I have thought of one *Bermudo* not so terrible
Though bad enough, what thinkst thou of *Desdonella's*
The late dead Princess? thou hatedst her alive,
Her shape then surely cannot ravish thee.
Shall I assume hers?
Ber. Oh any gracious Goddess, any.
Def. Arise *Bermudo* then, Look up,
Behold in *Desdonella's* shape *Diana*; Speak,
Am I not very like her? Can'st not perceive
Her tear swoln eyes, her trembling hands,
And love-sick countenance? Look I not
Like a true and perfect Lover?
Ber. Oh *Desdonella* were thou now alive,
I should admire thee;
Thy shape was never lovely untill now.
Thou art transparent grown, I can perceive
Divinity within thee, the reflection whereof
Dissolves my frozen bosom, and makes me stand
Like to a burning Statue, all on fire.
Def. Why trembleſt so *Bermudo*? can *Desdonella's* shape
Of late so odious, make thee tremble?
Fond man, where's thy Allegiance to *Diana*?
Wher's now that chastity which so oft
Vpon mine Altars thou hast boasted?
Ber. Pardon Divineſt Goddess; no loose desire
Causes this sudden alteration, no upstart flame
Makes me forgetfull of my loyalty;
'Tis not the outward shape that I admire,
(Though I must needs confess 'tis excellent)
There's that within clameth an Adoration,
And I were worse than sacrilegious should I rob
Divinity of its due.
Def. Look no more thorough that false optick, fear;
Be not so timorous; Divinity is laid aside,
And I am perfect mortall, come, be confident,
And kiss our hand; why so fearfull?

He kisses her hand.

Now for this favour you'l report *Diana* is unchaſt.
Ber. Let me be blasted then; I were more impious
Than superstition, should I think a kiss or an embrace
Could be a breach of chastity; Those are rewards
Given to afflicted goodness; but what merit lies in me
Whose just worth from our the center of your
Chaster mercies may extract so great a favor
I must confess I know not, unless I take
Your liberality for the cause.
Def. I am so far from being ingratefull unto him
That harbors but a spark of chastity, that I suppose
The favour of our hand, a poor
And trifling recompense for so much virtue;
But should I offer up a lip to you *Bermudo*,
You would be civilly fearfull, thinking me
Vnchaſt to offer it, and your self
More impious to receive it.
Ber. I were erroneous should I think so;
Will not the Sun oft-times vouchsafe
An humble salutation to the earth, and yet not lose
One of his chaster glories; far,
Far be it from me to think, when ere I see
Approaching beams of Chastity, that I may refuse
To meet them with an equall ardour:
When I consider that the unity of two chaſt bodies
Makes chastity entirely perfect, I dare put on
A confidence to salute a Deity,
Provided always our intents be chaſte.
'Tis not an outward ceremonious action
That can spot the soul, for could we sin
And think but chastly, 'twere no fault.
Arm'd with which opinion I am confident,
And dare taſt the sweetness of that lip,
And think it lawfull too.

He kisses her.

Def. Out impudence; That kiss has pos'd a ruine on thee. Hence

Hence from my sight, make haste,
Left my pursuing vengeance overtake thee.
Exit.
How neer my Virgin-modesty was forfeited?
Who can look virtuously with affections eyes?
Beware ye vestall Virgins, ye that do make
Your chastity your Religion, beware of too much gazing;
Eyes oftentimes dart forth a lustre
That will dull devotion were it arm'd
With all its sacred glories.

Enter Halisdus.

Hal. How fares it Royall Princess with you
After this wished conference?
Des. As with a weary Mariner shipwracke in the Haven.
Many a tedious voyage has this wandring bark
Past in the gulf of desperation, yet still was ever
Lost in the port of happiness; oh *Halisdus!*
I am grown weary with this saying;
Is there no other way for to be happy,
But by this most infortunate adventure?
Hal. Yes Madam, if you'l be advis'd. You know
On what condition *Bermudo* holds his Crown
Just now with you broke it; If you please then
I'le tell your brother of the forfeiture, and so
To save his life hee'l condiscend unto your will.
Des. Accursed policie to shun a rock
And fall mongst Pyrates; Far,
Far be it from *Desdonella* to enjoy that love
That comes by compositions, that were an act
Becoming those that set a common price on Chastity,
And sell Repentance unto Prodigals.
True love admits no hire, 'tis Lust not Love
We bargain for. Grant he has sin'd,
Ought I to punish him: Will ere the Leopard
Chide the Ermine for being spotted? That were
To blame their own deformity in another
Without excusing of themselves.
Hal. Thou art too virtuous *Desdonella:*
None I can blame for thy misfortune but thy virtue.
Oh ye powers! Is this that just reward which virtue payes?
All will hereafter strive for to be vicious
If excellence must merit misery. Come *Desdonella*
I'le to thy Cave, and furnish all thy wants:
Thy virtues glories had they their perfect light
Would puzzle all eternity to write.
Exeunt to the Cave.

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

Enter Constantina.

Con. Where am I now? what mak'st thou *Constantina* here?
Alas I am come to do a Message,
And have forgot my errand; oh here remember it.
Could'st thou forget ever, thou mighst be happy.
Thou must accuse *Fidelio*; Thou must dye first:
Though he has sin'd, thy tongue shall never punish him.
Oh *Fidelio* thou art false, false as inconstancy it self,
False unto me, and to the worlds vast expectation too.
Is this the melancholy life thou vow'dst so oft
To lead in *Lelybæus?* why did my soul
Leave her religious Sanctuary, Countrey, friends, and all
To see thee court my ruine in an unknown Land?
Should I now chide, and seek Revenge,
I did but Justice, 'Twere equity
No Rigor should I kill thee,
I cannot be so much a woman; oh ye powers
Why made ye me so soft, and him so cruell.

Enter Charastus.

Hail gracious sir, these so dejected looks
Speak you *Charastus*: I have a message to you,
Would but your eye suffer your ear to hear it.
Why do you gaze so? has your divining soul
Fore-told

Be wise *Flavanda*, know he that woes thee
Is a Prince, the Prince of great *Pelorus*
Whither he shall carry thee in as full a Triumph
As he would his *Penates*.
There thou mayst shine in all thy glory
Whilst thy Beholders melt to see those rayes,
And never seek a shade to shelter them.
Whil'st here you stay, the Tyrants Law
Worse than a grosly exhalation duls your beams,
Not suffering them to shine at all, no not so much
As on my friend *Charastus*.

Fla. With what face dare you call him friend
Whom thus you strive to ruine? Can you suppose
He will forget this injury? Surely
Hee'l ever hate you for't.

Fid. Hee'l rather love me for't:
Atheists themselves love Atheists, and shall we,
We of so pure a faith maintain a hate
Against one another for being of the same Religion?
How injurious should we prove unto that Deity
To whom we pay this reverence,
Should we but think her mercy lay confin'd
Within the circumscribed bounds of constancy,
Or suppose that that love can ere be limited
By a promise which Nature has made free;
Love rests not in a point, 'tis large,
Diffusive as the Ayre, not like a stream that still
Tends to the Ocean, but like some wandring flood
Which at the will and pleasure of the Spring
Returns unto her bosom: Draw part, Sweet,
Of that wandring flood to this side of the fountain,
Here let it come in a full effusion,
I'le meet its pleasing Billows with a virgin Love
That yet remains unstain'd, unproffer'd, unpolluted.

Con Thou lyest, false man, 't is staind, 'tis proffer'd,
And polluted too.

Fid. Nay, blush not, Sweet:
Thou'lt make *Aurora* blush to see her self out-gon
In her peculiar excellence.

Fla. Let not this crimson have a colourable mistake,
'Tis a red flag of just defiance 'gainst thy Treachery.
Recant fond man, thou wilt grow odious else,
More odious to me than my evill *Genius*:
I shall abhor thy sight till penitence
Has washt away this prophanation. Dearest of Friends,
If e're thou wilt do a favour to *Flavanda*,
Haste to *Charastus*, Tell him this man's disloyalty.
He surely will severely punish it.

Con. I obey most willingly.

Exit.

Fid. Now She's gone, I am not what I seem'd
The base abuser of thy constancy: No sawcy flame
Burns now within my veins, 'Tis a religious fire,
I cannot stile it love, but zeal.
Why didst thou sweet suspect me? I was
Too confident to be a Lover: Loves flames burn high
Still trembling with their height;
Mine were too base, and too audacious.
Be happy now *Flavanda*, ere that too morrows Sun
Shall deck these meadows with his beams
Hymen shall joyn you to *Charastus*. I was sent
Not as his Rivall, but his Instrument.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. *Sce.* 4.

Horns within.

Enter Bermudo.

Ber. This Boar has mist us strangely: I'le see
Whither I can trace him in the woods.

He goes out and enters again.

No sign at all? 'Tis strange: Where lies the wind?

North

North or North-East? He must needs be this way.
Stay: what foot is that? 'Tis fresh and newly printed.
Musick below ground.
Ha! Guard me *Diana*: A Rape, a Rape;
Where flies my ravisht senses? oh
From what earthly cave proceeds this heavenly harmony?
Dissolve, dissolve my soul, turn Ayr,
And Eccho forth those blest harmonious accents;
A voyce too? *Orpheus, Orpheus,* begst thou again *Euricide?*
Let amorous Lovers take delight
And glory in variety,
Love still to gaze, though every sight
Ads still unto their misery.
Song. I in a Cave
More pleasure have
Loving but one,
Than they that love,
Still to remove
Can in a Throne.
Surely the ground is holy where I tread;
The heavenly Choristers are met to day
To consecrate this wood. Eternall Ministers of heaven
If my rash foot has offended in the disturbance
Of your holy Ceremonies, blame my rude fortune.
Oh let me not wander here in admiration thus,
But send some gentle Ayr to be my guide
Out of this pleasing Labyrinth: Oh *Diana*
Take pity on your servant.
Eccho. Servant.
Ber. What voyce calls? Art thou a tatling Eccho?
Eccho. No.
Ber. No? what art thou then? Art thou some gentle Nymph
Inhabiting these woods? or art *Dianas* self?
Eccho. Dianas self?
Ber. Most gracious Goddess of these silent groves,
Long has thy servant liv'd the poor admirer
Of thy excellence, long has he liv'd in ignorance
Of that glory whose true worth to know
Would surfet Admiration: Tell me, oh tell me,
Mayst thou be seen by mortall eye?
Eccho. I.
Ber. I will no longer live in ignorance.
I'le seek thee in the deepest caves,
Search the remotest corners of the wood
To view thy splendor. Oh stay then Gentle Goddess,
Fly not hence, oh stay I come.
Eccho. Stay, I come.
Ber. Come not to me sweet Goddess,
I am not worth such favour: 'tis happiness enough
For me to seek thee, though I nere should find thee.
Oh come not then, I am thy servant,
I am *Bermudo*, stay.
Eccho. Bermudo stay.
Ber. Yes, with a zeal as fervent as the
Melting Bride expects the wish'd arrivall
Of the Bridegroom.

Enter Desdonella from the Cave attir'd like a Sylvan Goddess.

Des. Lye there thou sweet and sole companion
Of my misery, whil'st I from out this solitary Cave
Behold the so admired fabrick of the Heavens,
And then contemplate on their excellence.
Ber. Eternall piece of chastity, at whose shrine
Pure Virgins offer up unspotted incence,
Lo thus prostrate at thy feet *Bermudo* lies
Offring himself a most unworthy sacrifice.
Des. Alas I am betraid: it is *Bermudo*.
I must dissemble.
Ber. Beauteous *Diana*, Goddess of the woods
May I behold thy splendor? As yet I durst not
Left thy refulgent eyes should blind me for presumption.
Oh draw a veil ore that majestick countenance
I shall be blinded else with too much seeing.
Des. Mens weaker eyes must not behold
Divinity in all its lustre: That were a sight
Too glorious, else *Bermudo* I would appear to thee

Deckt with divine, and holy ornaments,
But envious Fates forbid that happineſs to man,
I muſt aſſume ſome other ſhape
Before thou canſt behold me.
Ber. Take any gracious Goddeſs ſo I may ſee thee,
Couldſt thou aſſume the Devils 'twould be lovely.
Def. I have thought of one *Bermudo* not ſo terrible
Though bad enough, what thinkſt thou of *Deſdonella's*
The late dead Princeſs? thou hatedſt her alive,
Her ſhape then ſurely cannot raviſh thee.
Shall I aſſume hers?
Ber. Oh any gracious Goddeſs, any.
Def. Ariſe *Bermudo* then, Look up,
Behold in *Deſdonella's* ſhape *Diana*; Speak,
Am I not very like her? Can'ſt not perceive
Her tear ſwoln eyes, her trembling hands,
And love-ſick countenance? Look I not
Like a true and perfect Lover?
Ber. Oh *Deſdonella* were thou now alive,
I ſhould admire thee;
Thy ſhape was never lovely untill now.
Thou art tranſparent grown, I can perceive
Divinity within thee, the reflection whereof
Diſſolves my frozen boſom, and makes me ſtand
Like to a burning Statue, all on fire.
Def. Why trembleſt ſo *Bermudo*? can *Deſdonella's* ſhape
Of late ſo odious, make thee tremble?
Fond man, where's thy Allegiance to *Diana*?
Wher's now that chaſtity which ſo oft
Vpon mine Altars thou haſt boaſted?
Ber. Pardon Divineſt Goddeſs; no looſe deſire
Cauſes this ſudden alteration, no upſtart flame
Makes me forgetfull of my loyalty;
'Tis not the outward ſhape that I admire,
(Though I muſt needs confeſs 'tis excellent)
There's that within clameth an Adoration,
And I were worſe than ſacrilegious ſhould I rob
Divinity of its due.
Def. Look no more thorough that falſe optick, fear;
Be not ſo timorous; Divinity is laid aſide,
And I am perfect mortall, come, be confident,
And kiſs our hand; why ſo fearfull?

He kiſſes her hand.

Now for this favour you'l report *Diana* is unchaſt.
Ber. Let me be blaſted then; I were more impious
Than ſuperſtition, ſhould I think a kiſs or an embrace
Could be a breach of chaſtity; Thoſe are rewards
Given to afflicted goodneſs; but what merit lies in me
Whoſe juſt worth from out the center of your
Chaſter mercies may extract ſo great a favor
I muſt confeſs I know not, unleſs I take
Your liberality for the cauſe.
Def. I am ſo far from being ingratefull unto him
That harbors but a ſpark of chaſtity, that I ſuppoſe
The favour of our hand, a poor
And trifling recompenſe for ſo much virtue;
But ſhould I offer up a lip to you *Bermudo*,
You would be civilly fearfull, thinking me
Vnchaſt to offer it, and your ſelf
More impious to receive it.
Ber. I were erroneous ſhould I think ſo;
Will not the Sun oft-times vouchſafe
An humble ſalutation to the earth, and yet not loſe
One of his chaſter glories; far,
Far be it from me to think, when ere I ſee
Approaching beams of Chaſtity, that I may refuſe
To meet them with an equall ardour:
When I conſider that the unity of two chaſt bodies
Makes chaſtity entirely perfect, I dare put on
A confidence to ſalute a Deity,
Provided alwayes our intents be chaſte.
'Tis not an outward ceremonious action
That can ſpot the ſoul, for could we ſin
And think but chaſtly, 'twere no fault.
Arm'd with which opinion I am confident,
And dare taſt the ſweetneſs of that lip,
And think it lawfull too.

He kiſſes her.

Def. Out impudence; That kiſs has put a ruine on thee.

Hence

Hence from my sight, make haste,
Left my pursuing vengeance overtake thee.
Exit.
How neer my Virgin-modesty was forfeited?
Who can look virtuously with affections eyes?
Beware ye vestall Virgins, ye that do make
Your chastity your Religion, beware of too much gazing;
Eyes oftentimes dart forth a lustre
That will dull devotion were it arm'd
With all its sacred glories.

Enter Halisdus.

Hal. How fares it Royall Princess with you.
After this wished conference?
Des. As with a weary Mariner shipwracke in the Haven.
Many a tedious voyage has this wandring bark
Past in the gulf of desperation, yet still was ever
Lost in the port of happiness; oh *Halisdus!*
I am grown weary with this saying,
Is there no other way for to be happy,
But by this most infortunate adventure?
Hal. Yes Madam, if you'l be advis'd. You know
On what condition *Bermudo* holds his Crown
Just now with you broke it; If you please then
I'le tell your brother of the forfeiture, and so
To save his life hee'l condiscend unto your will.
Des. Accursed policie to shun a rock
And fall mongst Pyrates; Far,
Far be it from *Desdonella* to enjoy that love
That comes by compositions, that were an act
Becoming those that set a common price on Chastity,
And sell Repentance unto Prodigals.
True love admits no hire, 'tis Lust not Love
We bargain for. Grant he has sin'd,
Ought I to punish him: Will ere the Leopard
Chide the Ermine for being spotted? That were
To blame their own deformity in another
Without excusing of themselves.
Hal. Thou art too virtuous *Desdonella:*
None I can blame for thy misfortune but thy virtue.
Oh ye powers! Is this that just reward which virtue payes?
All will hereafter strive for to be vicious
If excellence must merit misery. Come *Desdonella*
I'le to thy Cave, and furnish all thy wants:
Thy virtues glories had they their perfect light
Would puzzle all eternity to write.

Exeunt to the Cave.

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

Enter Constantina.

Con. Where am I now? what mak'st thou *Constantina* here?
Alas I am come to do a Message,
And have forgot my errand; oh here remember it.
Could'st thou forget ever, thou might'st be happy.
Thou must accuse *Fidelio*; Thou must dye first:
Though he has sin'd, thy tongue shall never punish him.
Oh *Fidelio* thou art false, false as inconstancy it self,
False unto me, and to the worlds vast expectation too.
Is this the melancholy life thou vow'dst so oft
To lead in *Lelybæus?* why did my soul
Leave her religious Sanctuary, Countrey, friends, and all
To see thee court my ruine in an unknown Land?
Should I now chide, and seek Revenge,
I did but Justice, 'Twere equity
No Rigor should I kill thee.
I cannot be so much a woman; oh ye powers
Why made ye me so soft, and him so cruell.

Enter Charastus.

Hail gracious sir, these so dejected looks
Speak you *Charastus*: I have a message to you,
Would but your eye suffer your ear to hear it.
Why do you gaze so? has your divining soul
Fore-told

Fore-told the happy tidings that I bring you?
If some instinct has foresta'l'd my errand,
I shall not need for to relate. I'le only tell you sir
You have a friend, by name *Fidelio*, a Man,
(A mine rather where scatter'd virtues gather'd up
Lye hoarded in a commixt unity)
If ere perfection was, it is in him. He Sir
Has spoke your cause so feelingly to *Flavanda*;
Pleaded with such divine and holy Oratory,
That her love now blazes with such violence
As I could wish you presently would see her.

Cha. Divinest closure of a soul more pure,
No general pardon sent from Heaven
Could strike attention in me with so great a zeal
As thy commanding voyce as don; deerest,
Dearest *Flavanda* can'st thou suppose a poor,
And silly garment can keep me from
The discerning of thy excellence, that knew ir,
When I lay a mishapen Embrio in the Chaos?
'Tis not a silken cloud, Divinest, that can hide the Sun.

Con. You do mistake it sure.
This is a Meteor only, reflected from the true one.

Cha. Those rayes are too too glorious for reflections,
They cast a lustre would make
An Angell of Æthiop, would not their heat
Convert him to his wonted colour.
Nor can I think such beams can meet
But in my dear *Flavanda*: Art thou not she?
I prithee say thou art, twill ease me somewhat.

Con. Your reason sir will tell you that I am not.

Cha. Make me not mad I prithee: can there be
Two most excellent, two most rare,
Two chiefest above all, it is a mysterie
Beyond two worlds: The Sun admits
No partner of his glory, the Phœnix no partaker,
Why should not she the chiefest of all women
Assume the like Prerogative? Must there be
A divided essence of an united excellence?
Oh Nature! why didst thou give to man, two hands,
Two eyes, two Affections, and but one heart?
Pardon divinest Lady if my too much care
Has made me negligent, there is
A direfull conflict fought within me by two friends,
Either must have victory by my ruine:
What will that victory yield.

Con. I see you are disturb'd sir;
I'le crave leave to return.

Exit.

Cha. Thus does the Sun flie our Horizon,
Thus Night clad in a misty veil,
Spreads darkness o're the world,
Whil'st mortals wander in obscurity.
Oh Love, thou art too much a wanton;
Thy sport's too serious. VVho fires a Church
Or kills his parents may be happy,
Repentance oft will wash away that stain,
But he that loves, loves doubtfully as I,
No tears, no sorrows, nor repentant sighes
Can wipe away his misery, but he must dye
Starv'd in the midst of plenty.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Why so sad *Charastus*? prepare your ears
To entertain news that will startle all your
Melancholy thoughts, and make your pamperd appetite
Swell high with contemplation of a happiness,
Flavanda's constant, more constant
Than a miser to his gold; The vestal Virgins
At their Altar may be tempted, but not she.

Cha. Oh *Fidelio* thou hast abus'd my trust, I
Sent thee not to praise my constancy, but to try hers;
Didst thou not promise me to court her,
Nay court her in thy chiefest Rhetorick,
To use all the perswasions that thy tongue
Could in civility pronounce?

Fid. And so I did, by all that's good, I did.

Cha. Thou swearst not by thy self now:
He is not good that's false unto his friend.
VVhy stird'st thou a suspition in me of her constancy,
Yet ne're would seek to prove it?

Fid.

Fid. What Devil has inspir'd thee with this falshood?

Cha. It was my better Angel rather
Sent from Heaven to warn mee.
Didst thou not flatter me? extoll my loyalty
Beyond its merit? Tell her each sigh I spent?
What tears her love had caus'd?
But that I know she is constant,
I should suspect her for thy prayses.

Fid. If thou believ'st *Charastus* there is faith
Or loyalty in *Fidelio*, (which surely thou oughtst not to suspect)
I tempted her as far as piety and friendship
Would permit me, yet like a stedfast rock she stood
Throwing the insulting billows on the movers face.
Oh *Charastus* thou art happy;
She is a gem incomparable, and did I know
What envious tongue had blasted thus our reputation,
I'de make it eat its venome.

Cha. If thou but heardst, it thou wouldst start,
And stand amaz'd to hear such sweetness.

Fid. Do not delay your joyes with her *Encomium*.
A Priest and your *Flavanda* does expect you
For to tye that Knot which you before
Too rashly would have don, had my unlucky hand
Not hinder'd it.

Cha. Alas *Fidelio* the tide is turn'd;
If now you wed me tis unto my grave.
From my divided heart springs a biforked flame,
Hymen will stand amaz'd to see't, and will not tell
At which to light his torch at.
Farewel *Fidelio*, death he needs not fear
That does desire to meet it every where.

Exit

Fid. Oh Love thou art too cruell! How can'st thou tyrannize
Ore his too soft nature? Hadst thou but eyes
Thou then would'st pity him, but as thou art,
Blind and obdurate, thou shoot'st at random still;
So fortune guides thy shafts, and alwayes she
Upon desert spends all her cruelty.

Exit.

Actus quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Flavanda.

Fla. THe lying Painters picture aged time
With wings at's heels, as if he always flew,
But that their licence warranteth their acts
I justly might accuse them of their falshood;
The time that Love obeys is slow, exceeding dull,
Hel'd back with leaden fetters.
Each tedious minute makes a week,
Each moneth an age, and each delaying year
Seems fully a Platonnick.

Enter Charastus.

Cha. Whither dispair do'st hurry me?
What new found death canst thou invent
For an inconstant Lover? If there be one
Which never yet imagination compast, let me enjoy
Its wish't virginity, I have deserv'd it fully.

Fla. Talk not of death *Charastus* now; my arms shall be
Thy living sepulcher, my Bed thy winding-sheet;
Hymen shall write thy joyfull Epitaph,
And Virgins pure shall sing an *Epitha'amium* for an Elegy;
We two like to two meeting channels will turn one,
One individed and united Body.

Cha. Oh *Flavanda* I blush to see thee;
I am a villain grown, yet I still dearly love thee,
I am inconstant, Dearest, can'st thou think it?
The ficklest fortune is more stedfast;
The wind oft-times is stable, but my heart
Wavers at every object.

Fla. Have I a Rivall then *Charastus*?
Is the stream of your Affection then divided,
And your Love grown less?

Cha. Not less *Flavanda*; Streams parted with a stop

Run with a greater violence on eithers side,
Than when they kept united in one channel.
Fla. I do confess my unworthiness; I will resign
Unto thy fresher love, could I but think her worthy.
Cha. Never, oh never, never shalt thou do it.
For sooner sure the Gods can separate the Poles
Than our so long united Hearts.

Enter Constantina.

Were the separation but in Natures power,
Here comes those rayes that easily would make the dissolution.
Fla. Thou hast made a worthy choyce *Charastus.*
I glory in my Rivall more than Lovers in their Nuptialls:
This Act confirms your love to me, and should I dye
I make no question but my liveless trunck
Would pleasure in your happiness; no soft embrace
Could ye exchange, but I should be partaker
No kiss without a joyfull blush from my wan cheeks
Should joyn your tender lips together.
Delay not then your joyes for me.
My Love is old and stale; Hers fresher
Than the mayden Rose whose pureness yet
No boysterous hand has touch't prophanely.
I'le imitate those friends that take more pleasure
For to see some feed, than if they fed themselves.
Con. I'le starve before I'le taste such cates,
They will infect me with inconstancy.
They're like devouring flames, they still turn
All they meet with to their own nature:
But I will fly them worse than stings of Scorpions,
Or that deadly root, that pallateth the eye
But poysons still the pallate.
Fla. Shun not approaching happiness for my sake;
I am grown old in his affection, and Age
You know must dye, yet when I am dead
Be not I prithee jealous of my Ghost.
Con. If death can end this controversie, 'tis surest
I should yield, when I am dead
I happily may love him, but never living.
Cha. Contend not so my hearts two parallels
For what's anothers due; Death my desert is.
Here I live, like to a needle 'twixt two Loadstones,
Paying a trembling reverence to both,
No full Allegiance unto either.
Oh ye individed moities of my soul,
Tear not my heart with your attractive vertues
Thus by piece-meals, divide it gently,
Ye both are victors of my better part already,
My body is not worth your quarrell.
Con. Nor your heart; we might as well Quarrell for fortune, she's as constant.
Fla. But not so lovely.
Con. Constancy the only beauty is in eyes
That true affection governs, which till *Charastus*
Gets again, I shall abhor to see him.
Exit.
Fla. Would I could do so too; But envious Fate
Thwarts my desires, and condemns my hate.
Exit.
Cha. Do I yet live? remain my senses perfect?
Oh I could rave, tear out my traiterous eyes,
Dissect my heart, and rend affection from affection.
Surely I am mad, because I am not mad:
Mad men enjoy their happiness, but we
In having reason know our misery. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Constantina.

Con. Where is that boasted constancy which so oft
Men use to glory in? where is that Faith,
And that eternall Loyalty, which once exalted men
'Bove Demi-Gods? Is there not one left vertuous? We

We might have been inconstant by Authority,
Custome would have allow'd, in but men,
Whose purer souls should harbor most divinity,
Are now become less constant far than we
That claime no being but from them.
Why should we suffer then for what's anothers fault?
My act shall work a reformation in the world,
And man, not woman, shall hereafter be
The Proverb to expresse Inconstancy.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Kneel you to me Lady?

Con. Wonder not *Fidelio* why thus low
An unknown Virgin offers her obedience;
It is a reverence that we ought to pay
When we behold such virtue, and should I
Be so uncivilly modest to deny an adoration
When duty and affection bind me,
The world might justly stile me irreligious.

Fid. That modestie I must confess is incivilitie
That smothers an affection; But what worth in me
Can stir affection in your chaster breast I know not,
And I must needs Lady either be a fool
In extolling of my self, or uncivill in condemning your Judgment.

Con. I look not on you sir with superstitious eyes,
I cannot make an Idol of perfection,
It is your souls *Idea* I admire
Whose excellence I have studie I long
Taught by your *Constantina's* prayses.

Fid. You have chose a most unprofitable Subject
For your study Lady, it is so sparing of reward
That it forgets it self, and must for ever, you.

Con. It is a study like the Chimick,
The end I must confess is hard to gain, but yet
It shews most sweet conclusions to the industrious.
Many there are that study it with delight,
But none with such a fearfull fervency as I;
Yet though I tremble, I dispair not, since she,
That only had the power to obtain it,
Has resign'd it to me for a Legacie, which I may
Justly challenge, and you may not without impiety deny.

Fid. A Legacie? if she be dead that was
Sole Mistress of the Art, the Art must dye too.

Con. Mistake me not, she is not dead sir,
She has usurpt another studie only, call'd
Obedience to a Husband, for *Constantine* your once betrothed
Is now married to the Duke of *Florence* my only Brother.

Fid. She is worse then, her constancie is dead,
And with it dies my love eternally.

Con. Oh say not so; that was my Legacy given to me
By her departing Constancy, and if the Laws fulfill
The wills of wicked men, 'tis fit that sacred Constancie's
Should be obey'd. She told me here you liv'd
In *Lelybæus* a disguised Shepherd for her sake,
Which made me take this journey and this habit,
And surely had you not a fresher Love,
You nere could disobey your *Constantina's* will,
Especially to one so like her.

Fid. I must confess thou art so like her,
That I should believe what thou hast said is true,
Were I not so confident of her Loyalty.

Con. Shall I not be believ'd then?
Let her hand perswade you, since my tongue cannot.

She gives him a Letter.

Fid. This is her seal and Character, I know 'um well;
The direction, To her wrong'd *Fidelio*.
I begin to tremble, my solid blood
Flies fast unto my heart, and calls for vengeance. *He reads.*

Con. Read and repent false man.

Fid. Oh heavens! Why of those numerous torments

That attend our sinfull actions, chose you a woman
To torment me? If that my crime so hainous was,
That all your malice joyn'd with fortunes
Could not invent a punishment to equall it,
Hell surely might have furnish'd you,
You needed not have call'd a woman to your councell,
Their malice is above Hells hate,
But I'le be revenq'd on all their Sex,
For none I am sure is constant since she is false.

Con. Be not so confident of our weakness:
The loving Turtle shall not serve her mate
With half that faithfulness as I will you.

Fid. Hence Ethiopean Devill; Thou art too like her
To be good: I'de rather meet a *Succubus*,
Embrace a sooty Moore, or dally with a Negro's horrid curles.
They may by chance prove constant, but thou
Wilt presently deny thou lov'st me.

Con. Let me dye eternally, if ever I deny I love you.

Fid. Then follow me to *Bermudo*, thou shalt be the first
I'le sacrifice to my just anger. Oh men accurst!

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Sce. 3.

Enter Virtusus.

Vir. Oh thou restrainer of our wilder actions,
Thou that keepst in awe all raging superfluities,
Teaching sobriety to the grossest Epicures,
Could'st thou restrain our wandring imaginations too
Thou wert a Paradice, but they in the obscurest places
Wander most, and in the darkest Caves, where light
Nere yet vouchsafe an entrance, oft will see
A perfect splendor and a full effusion of immateriall Beams
Descending down from an impenitrable posterne.
Thoughts are the Devils chiefest Instruments.
The holyest Frier in his secluded Cell
Oft sins in imagination; The purest Vestall
At the Altar will oft-times fancy a thing unlawfull;
And should that be the utter ruine of Virginity,
Where should we seek it Heavens?

Enter Bermudo and Thesbia.

Thef. See yonder he is, Great Sir.

Ber. Thou art a courteous Jayler; He fares
More like a Prince than Prisoner.

Thef. I love not Sir to triumph over Misery.

Exit.

Ber. Shepherd, thou hast thy liberty.
The importunate intreaties of *Anthrogonus* have commanded it.
See now thou goest, and with submissive knees
Be thankfull to his bounty; It is
But a poor gratuity for freedom.

Vir. I scorn that freedome that is given
Not for desert, but out of curtesie.
Flattery a thraldom is beyond a Prison,
And I abhor it worse; I'le not thank him
Nor Heavens for what's my due sir.

Ber. Why stubborn fool? What merit lies in thee
Whose just power may chalenge but a favor from him?
It was not thy desert that rais'd this pity,
But his Charity.

Vir. His duty rather: true goodness
Whensoere he sees oppressed Innocence
Is bound in duty to relieve it.

Ber. Is Innocence the ground of your presumption?
Shepherd beware lest thy contempt
Kindle a flame that will consume thee.
Thou hast stir'd the embers, without prevention
'Twill be dangerous.

Enter Thesbia.

Thef. Oh smother it a while, Great Sir;
Let it not spend
As yet its violence: He will accept your curtesie.

I know he will ; It was not He, it was
His modesty that refus'd it ; See how he blushes Sir.
Gentle Shepherd, dye not ingratefull to our bounty ;
That crime will blot your former innocence,
And make it seem as loathsome as impiety.
If against me you do conceive this Hate,
Go but with me, and I'le tell you sir
She is not dead, *Thesbia* is not dead,
And reconcile us two in a perpetuall league of friendship.

Vir. For once I'le try your cunning.

Ber. Shepherd choose which you will have,
A perfect freedom, or a sudden grave.

Vir. I shall have both in either.

Exeunt Virtuſus and Thesbia.

Ber. Hast thou *Bermudo* with ambitious wings
Soar'd 'bove the reach of common thoughts?
Have I obtain'd that happiness which proudest envie
Scarce can prye into? And must I stoop
Unto a boyes soft Lure? Surely some holy power
Conceals it self within that pleasant habitation,
Whose awfull noyse freezes my raging appetite,
And turns my fury into Charity.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. The hardned Earth made stiffe with winters frost
Views not the Sun with such a full alacrity,
As I your Highness.

Ber. A lustfull couple joyn'd in loose embraces
Hate not the approaching Morn with such an enmity,
As I your flattery.

Fid. Believe me Sir I cannot flatter you.
My simple honesty leaves that study unto them
That seek preferment by it : I never hop't
To raise my fortunes by my handsome lying.
The zeal I bear your lawes has arm'd my confidence,
And I do wish I had a thousand unchast Damzels
To present you for a sacrifice.

Ber. And I do wish if this be true,
I had ten thousand favors to requite thee with.

Fid. My duty Sir, and not those hopes of recompence
Has led this hate, which death shall not extinguish,
But my angry Ghost shall hate 'um in *Elizium.*
The very name of woman is grown odious,
And I abhor a Lovers sighs worse than the ayr
Breathed from infection.

Ber. Let me contain thee in my arms thou faithfull Champion ;
We two will grow together, and be one,
One terror to that foolish passion.

Fid. I have not earn'd such favor yet.
I would not willingly receive my hire
Before I have deserv'd it: Let your Revenge
Eat of my labors first ; I can present you
With a taste, a woman, that dares outface
Impudence it self, who in despight of all your Laws,
And that, which lately I did count
An ornament of woman, blest modestie,
Is turn'd a shameless wooer.

Ber. If this be true, I'le wear thee here
My better *Genius* ; Long have I sought out such a one.
To make their sex more odious to my eyes,
But nere till now could find one.
Conscience that food of fools and bane of Greatness
Has abus'd me still, making my subjects
To conceal those crimes, which had they but reveal'd,
My exercis'd severity ere this
Had bred a Hate, more deadly to their Sex,
Than raging Dog-dayes, and Platonnick men.
Thou art an honest subject, Shepherd, thou preferst
Thy Kings content before that Bug bear Conscience,
For which, ask any thing, 'tis thine,
Ask Monopolies, I'le seal 'um all, yet do not,
They are the rewards of flattery, and cannot

Equall thy desert.
Fid. Your favor Sir will far exceed my merit.

Enter Constantina.

Ber. Hast any witness, Shepherd, of the fact?
Con. Yes sir, I am his witness;
I know she loves him, Loves him as her soul,
And were there but a thing more dear unto her,
She would love him better.
Fid. Oh Audacity: This is she.
Ber. She? Unto what height of impudence are women grown?
Dar'st thou defend thy crime, that thou art grown
So confident?
Con. I come not Sir for to defend my crime,
Or to expostulate with your Highness, for if I did,
I then would tell you, she that loves most truly
Ought to be thought most modest,
And that affection if but constant does as far
Exceed your chastity, as Chastity, Incontinence.
Ber. Bold woman! Hast thou forgot thy Sex?
Con. I think I have, for I cannot dissemble now,
But what I say, proceeds from Truth
Great as thy Tyranny. I flatter not your Highness,
Such common Courtship let them use that are
Affraid to dye; My resolution shall outbrave thy rigor,
Use then thy full Authority.
Ber. Who waits without?

Enter Guard.

Convey that Strumpet hence, ere that the Night
Sheds Poppeys on the Earth, she dyes.
Con. Now I shall dye in charity with all
Since thou art merciful: For this same curtesie *Bermudo*
Whil'st I live, I'le pray thou may'st repent,
And when I am dead my obsequient Ghost
Shall wait upon thee still to put thee in remembrance.

Ex. Guard with Constantina.

Ber. Shepherd, this curtesie has fatted my revenge,
My raging fury feeds upon this fuell with a devouring appetite,
And if thou add'st not still unto the flame
Vengeance will lack his prey, and feast on me.
Proceed then in thy holy work, and sooner shall each sense
Forget his Organ, than I my pious Instrument.

Exit.

Enter Virtuosus.

Vir. Whither so fast *Fidelio*? How fares it friend?
Fid. Well.
Vir. That well sounds ill me thinks.
Is this the joy you give my liberty?
Hadst thou receiv'd thy freedom so,
The calmer Seas when *Halcyons* breed
Should have appear'd more boysterous than I:
I'de not have frown'd to see thee free,
But if some billows did by chance arise,
I would have turn'd 'um into dancing waves
For joy of thy security.
Fid. Alas *Virtuosus*, I am glad to find thee safe, but
My afflicted soul cannot express the joy.
Oh seest not my heart swell with revenge
Extend my stretch't out sides, and can'st thou hope
For any thing but frowns?
Vir. Thy looks I must confess declare a Passion,
But of what nature I am ignorant.
Fid. If thou hast lost thy penetrating eye,
Look upon my face, and there my eyes
Sparkling forth fire for anger, will give light to read it by.
Can'st not conceive it yet? See'st thou not woman there
Imprinted in the wrinckles of my frowning forehead?
Oh woman, woman, woman!
Vir. Come, forget this passion for a while,
Forget all women, and their virtues too.

Fid.

Fid. Alas there is not one left virtuous, but are all
As false and as disloyall as thy sister.
Vir. I hope you don't suspect her sir.
Fid. Yes, and your Mother too.
One man could not beget two contraries :
Thou art too good to be her Brother, and she
Too bad to be *Brabanta's* daughter.
Vir. My ears have suck't in poyson, which works
Like *Stybium* in my brains. If this be true
(Which yet I cannot credit) nor pietie nor sisters cries
Shall hold my hand, but I will sacrifice her blood
For an atonement to thy anger.
Fid. Oh *Virtuſus* 'tis too true: wouldst thou rip ope my heart,
There, there thou mightst behold
Disloyall *Conſtantina* writ in bloody notes;
There too as in a perſpective thou shouldst see
The Duke of *Florences* lustfull eyes
Fixt fast on *Conſtantina*, whilst the amorous Girl
Playes with his wanton hair, and in
A thousand other wayes invites embraces.
Vir. Should Heavens in thunder speak it,
I durst to contradict 'um.
Fid. 'Twill be a less impiety to contradict this paper.

He gives him a Letter.

Vir. It is her seal and Character:
I'le read no more; would 'twere her body,
Thus I'de rend it; Thus would I tear her unchaste limbs,
And blow 'um like to Atomes in the ayr;
Thus in contempt I'de spurn her lustful face,
Bowl with her rouling eyes, and twist her hayr
In ropes for executions. Did I but know
What vein her blood inhabits,
I'de make a sluce and draw that channel dry
Though I lay drowned in its gore.
But I am too passionate; who fury can allay,
Vengeance may sooner, and securelier pay.

Enter Charaſtus.

Fid. Oh *Charaſtus*, never till now unwelcome to *Fidelio*.
Thou art too happy now for my companion.
I have dissolv'd thy Loves ambiguous Riddle,
And given thy soul a free election,
By making a necessity of thy choyse.
Cha. False and disloyal man, darst thou yet live
And glory in thy wickedness? Hast thou a Conscience
Not to kill thy self when such a stain commands thee?
Oh thou prophaner of all Justice
Ought he to live that cannot look upon perfection
But with envious eyes?
Fid. My care has not deserv'd these words *Charaſtus*.
Cha. Call not that care *Fidelio* which thy spleen
Too long has nourish'd, 'tis an inveterate Hate
Sent from the fouler mansion of thy soul
To blast perfection: Is that Physitian carefull
That instead of Physick gives deadly poyson
To his patient?
Fid. No dire mistake was author of my charity,
But a Revenge which all their Sex must tremble under,
And 'twas my fortune to practise first on her,
And her honor to precede whole thousands.
Cha. Thou art the worst of Mountebanks, they kill
Their poorest Patients for experiments,
But thou destroyst Patience it self, the richest Gem
That ever Art envied dame Nature for.
Fid. It is the nature of Revenge to punish first
Those things from whence they took their poyson.
Cha. Poyson from her?
Herein thou shew'st thy venemous disposition:
Spiders suck poyson from the sweetest flowers
When Bees draw Honey. Her words
Though arm'd to my destruction seem'd to me
Adorn'd with more variety of sweetness

Than

Than ere enricht our *Hybla*, more pleaſant
Than the jucie grape ſtole from the Vine
Juſt at the entrance of maturity;
And can they then, can theſe delicious words
D ſtill'd to the invitation of a happineſs be a poyſon?
Tis thy bad Nature only that converts to naught
What ere the Gods thought good.
Vir. Doat not *Charaſtus* ſo on one, whoſe ſcorn
Makes her condition poorer than her birth,
Which ſurely is ignoble. The Kingly Eagle
Stoops not unto flies.
Cha. But yet a Flye mounted on Eagles wings
Deſerves more commendations than your pairted Peacocks
That boaſt but in the groſs abſurdity of Nature.
Vir. If for to reach a glove dropt from
A neighbouring Queen, be to degenerate
From Majeſty?
What will the world report when they ſhall hear
Charaſtus ſtoopt to the meaneſs of a Shepherdeſs?
Cha. Art thou diſloyall too *Virtuſus?* two ſuch more
Wou'd learn the Heavens impiety. Adue falſe friends,
Know my revenge ſhall be
Fully as ample as your Tyranny. *Exit.*
Fid. I dare, vie vengeance with thee at the higheſt:
My heart's as great with rage, and leſs confin'd
Within the bounds of charity, tis free,
Freer than Ayr, it ſoars aloft, hovering
Like ſome prodigious Meteor ore all women.
All ſhall groan under its heavie weight, all muſt ſink
Or all my ends will periſh.
Vir. Not all *Fidelio*, be not ſo ſevere: Out of
Thoſe numberleſs thouſands that do clog the Earth
One may be found unſpotted: thy Siſters Virtue
Is of ſufficient value to redeem a deſtin'd Hecatombe
Of unchaſte women, though doom'd by Tyranny it ſelf.
Fid. I do ſuſpect her too; ſhe is too much
A woman to be good: Women are all
The fruits of drunkenneſs, begot when men
Like ſenſeleſs beaſts wallow in ſtrange deſires;
Then coveting to frame a Monſter like themſelves
Nature complying with their avarice, ſends them
A daughter: How can that Sex then be divine
That's thus engendred betwixt Luſt and Wine.
Vir. Be more charitable *Fidelio* in your opinion:
Blame not all for one.
Fid. Charity is cold:
'Twill breed a contrariety in my raging breaſt.
Give me hot fuell: I would be all on flame.
Feed me with Bridegrooms thoughts, and let me drink
The fervent ſighes breath'd from the trueſt penitence;
Bathe me in Lovers tears, drie me with
The fiery palme of ſome notorious Red-haird Scrumpet:
I would be a living element of fire
To croſs the new Philoſophers opinion.
Yet from this flame I would ſend one ſpark
But to the ruine of a woman,
For now I finde the Proverb's verified
He that begets a daughter ſurely went drunk to bed. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. *Sce.* 4.

Enter Sperazus and Conſtantina.

Spe. Daughter this forwardneſs of yours to dye,
Makes me believe you are innocent, and now I am
Grown confident that what you ſaid is true,
Although at firſt I muſt confeſs it ſtartled incredulity.
Con. As grave Sir I am not bound with an untruth
To wrong my ſelf: ſo I do ſcorn
To mitigate my crime with coin'd excuſes.

I must confeſs I am guilty of that fin
Which now they tax me with: If it be a fin
Chaſtly to love, I am moſt wicked, if not,
I call the Gods to witneſs I am innocent,
For no looſe deſire has ever yet prophan'd me.

Spe. Thou art the pureſt Virgin living then,
Purer than thoſe that think all Love
An argument of looſneſs: Who nere knew Wine
Cannot be thought abſtemius, 'tis the forbearing taſter
That is temperate. She that is chaſt and never lov'd
Does only good compel'd by ignorance;
But ſhe that loves and can be chaſt
Enjoys that virtue in its full perfection.
Such an one, divineſt Maid, art thou,
Whom but to ranſome from the Tyrants Law,
I'd ſtretch my feeble limbes with vigour on the Altar,
And with a zeal undaunted meet the flames:
So with them ſhould my ſoul aſpire
Beyond the reach of groſs mortality.

Con. And do you envie me that happineſs?
Is not my ſoul as free as yours to expiate
Its own tranſgreſſions; The Gods I am ſure
Deſire a Sacrifice though ſpotted, if offer'd
By the repentant ſinner, more than whole Hecatombs
Beſtow'd by Innocence.

Spe. Thou pleadſt divinely gainſt thy ſelf: thy only fault
Is too much goodneſs, which left the Heavens
Should not know how to pardon, by wanting of a preſident,
I'le furniſh thee with ſhowres of tears
To make a flood wherein thy ſoul may float
In peace unto ſecurity.

Con. Reſerve them for ſome other ſubject;
I make no queſtion but to dye for him
Will be both penance and a pardon. Could my heart
Be but ſo kindly ſtubborn to reſiſt my thoughts oppreſſions,
And not break till I endure this martyrdom,
I ſhould receive the joyfull Crown of immortality.

Spe. Let not the thought of that, divineſt, trouble thee;
Here is a juyce diſtilled from *Nepenthe*, Drink it,
And the remembrance of thy former miſeries
Will flye thy imagination.

He gives her a Viall.

Con. Alas I dare not take it: my life
Is of ſo ſhort a moment, that I ſhall nere requite you,
And I would not willingly dye ingratefull.

Spe. I owe both this and far more to thy virtue.
Farewell thou mirrour of all goodneſs;
Take theſe my tears, my prayers, my ſighes,
Companions of thy journey, and when thou art amidſt
Thoſe ſacred flames, they'l help to waſt thee to eternity.

Exit.

Con. Right heavenly Sir adue.

Spe. Where were thy eyes *Fidelio*? This will be news
Will make thy affrighted blood ſtart from thy veins,
And turn thee more pale than ſhe conſum'd to Aſhes.

Exit.

Act. 4. *Sce.* 5.

Enter Bermudo.

Ber. Now ſayles our wiſhes with a ſteddy courſe,
The tottering bark poiz'd by a ſeconds help
Floats ſafely on the Maine. But yet be not
Too credulous fond man, the ballance is uncertain,
And ſhould that fail the ſhipwrack would be deadly.
Truſt not too much unto a friend; Opportunity
Baſe miſchiefs Bawd to them is too obſequious.
Brutus could pierce great *Cæſars* ſide
When *Pompey* could not; Miſtruſt then all *Bermudo*,
Be intimate with none: 'Tis State policy.

A Snake though foſter'd in a Kings own boſome
Will grow at length as miſchievous as uncontroulable,
And pierce that breaſt that nouriſh'd it.

Enter Charoſtus.

Cha. Ye ſilent Miniſters of Night
Send your Cimmerian darkneſs ore the world,
Choak up the Sun with fogs and miſty vapours,
Let it be night eternall, or let my eyes
Drop from their hollow caverns, that I may never ſee again
So groſs impiety.
Ber. What fury does tranſport thee?
Cha. In what ſoul part lies my accurſed memory?
I'le tear it out, and be a lump of dead forgetfulneſs.
Entombe ye juſt Heavens within oblivions Cave,
I would forget my ſelf, my all, ſo with them
I might forget that wickedneſs
Which theſe my eyes were witneſſe off.
Ber. What art thou frantick fellow?
Cha. Pardon dread Soveraign if my rage
Has ſlack't my due obedience. Fury ſo blinded me
I could not ſee thoſe rayes which from your Majeſtie
Shoot in a continued luſtre.
Oh Modeſty where's now thy ruddy wings?
Where is that baſhfull trembling which ſo oft
I have ſeen adorning Country Manſions?
Why liv'ſt thou now an exile in the woods
Baniſht from Court and City?
Ber. The man is mad.
Cha. I would I were great King ſo this were falſe:
Oh Sir, your Court is ſpotted with ſuch Luſt
As can command a bluſh for ever in my cheek to think on.
Ber. Ha! my Court?
Cha. Yes, your Court, that Holy Temple
Where Juſtice and Religion hand in hand
Walks in a happy unitie, is now become
The ſink of foul impietie.
Ber. My Court become a brothell houſe of Luſt?
Cha. Theſe two unhappy eyes ſaw two
Melting in cloſe embraces, Kiſſing each other with ſuch fervencie
As if their lips deſir'd to be united and become
An individuall happineſs; Alas my chaſter tongue
Cannot expreſs thoſe amorous tricks
Which their hot appetites belcht out
To teach old Luſt a new laſciviouſneſs.
Ber. Swell higher yet my rage;
Thou art at too low an ebb to puniſh ſuch impietie,
Swell till your channels crack;
Let a generall inundation break the banks
And turn to ruine all it meets with.
Their two deaths cannot alone diſſolve
This maſs of wickedneſs: Thouſands muſt dye
To expiate this crime, if it be true.
Cha 'Tis too true great Sir; your eyes
Shall be witneſs of it, if you'l be pleas'd to follow.
Ber. Lead on.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Sce. 6.

Enter Conſtantina and Theſbia.

Con. The holy abſolution of the Prieſt
Sings not ſo glad a *Requiem* to my departing ſoul
As this thy comfortable preſence; Do not,
Oh do not then obſcure thy ſelf with ill beſeeming tears,
I ſhall ſuſpect thou think'ſt me ſtill unchaſte,
And ſpend'ſt theſe tears to purifie my ſpotted Conſcience.
Theſ. When friends do part but for a week or ſo,
Their weeping eyes the emblems of their troubled hearts
Will let fall tears, and ſhall we
That now muſt part eternally
Denie our ſouls that charitable ſacrifice?
Thou a long journey *Conſtantina* now muſt take,
Who knows whither I ſhall ſee thee more.
Con. Alas poor ſoul, weep not for my felicity.
It is a glorious place that I ſhall go too.

There-

There in a golden firmament enameld with bright ſtars,
Amidſt a thouſand Virgins I ſhall hear
Eternall harmony, ſtill ſounding, and ſtill pleaſant,
There fragrant ſmells ſhall never cloy
My fainting appetite though ſtill preſented odoriferous.
And canſt thou weep becauſe thy friend
Muſt go to ſuch a Paradiſe?
Theſ. I weep not deareſt becauſe thou goeſt,
But that I ſtay behind; Could I accompany thee,
No Veſtall Virgins at the Altar ſhould appear
With ſuch a joyfull countenance: But ſince I here muſt live
A walking Ghoſt pent in an earthly ſepulchre,
It would be impudence to refrain from tears;
Weep on then *Theſbia*, let thy eyes
Flow with a continued moyſture, to drain theſe ſens
Will puzzle all projecting undertakers.
Con. My weakneſs can reſiſt no longer.
Theſe tears proclame thy triumph;
We two like two *Niobes* will ſhed tears
Till we become one Fountain.

Enter above Charaſtus and Bermudo.

Cha. See great Sir how cloſe they are?
Oh do you ſtart Sir?
Ber. Ha! *Anthrogonus*, I would my eyes were lightning
For to blaſt thy ſpotted ſoul, yet leave thee ſtill as fair.
Cha. With what affection they embrace?
See how their wanton heads wearied with kiſſing
Hang like two drooping Lillies on each others ſhoulder,
Their very eyes to ſympathize with them
Melt into tears.
Ber. My rage involves a thunderbolt, this poor thin cloud
Cannot contain it long; 'twill out to all our ruines.
Oh *Anthrogonus* little canſt thou think
What raging ſorrows boyle within my breaſt
At this ſad ſpectacle; The ſight of ſuch impiety
Feeds on my heart worſe than *Cantharides*
Or the deadly ſting of a foul Conſcience.
My eyes ſhall be no more your Pander.
Take heed fond fools, *Bermudo* comes
Arm'd to deſtruction:
Exit.
Cha. Thus climbs Revenge: thus her aſpiring head
One ſtep has mounted, ere to the top it comes
Your hearts falſe men ſhall feel its rigor.
Sleep on fond Boy, thou haſt a ſoft but fatall pillow,
Had not *Bermudo* lov'd thee, nor thou ſav'd their lives,
Thou mightſt have liv'd, but now
To puniſh three thou dieſt.
Thus by degrees Revenge muſt riſe
Who ſtraight brings death knows not to tyrannize.
Exit.

Bermudo within breaks ope the doors upon them.

Con. Alas we are betraid.
Theſ. I care not I ſince Innocence is my guard.

Enter Bermudo and Guard.

Ber. Seize on that luſtfull couple.
Theſ. Why this violence? ye needed not have come
Thus armed to betray our innocence:
That weak reſiſtance we could make
One word might have ſubdude, but if you think
To fright us with your ſtrength, know we have
A guard about us ſhall confront your hopes.
Ber: Guilt's a ſufficient terror to it ſelf,
It needeth no addition; but Juſtice as it ſtrikes
So muſt it ſpeak, like thunder.
Con. Should it ſtrike here, it would be truly ſo;
The holyeſt Temples oft are ſtruck with thunder.
Should you but take his Nature and deſtroy
So pure an edifice as his, it were no Juſtice
But prophane ſeverity.
Theſ. Plead not for me: I dare his utmoſt rigour,

In that he will be constant, and constancy I love
Be it in cruelty.
Ber. My cruelty will but waver when it flowes on thee.
Oh that such tender years can be so old in wickedness.
Hadst thou a soul *Anthrogonus* as pure
As its inclosure thou mightst have been
Enthron'd a Deity for mortals to have wonder'd at.
Wouldst thou yet live? There is a strange
Conflict fought within me, by Piety and Affection.
Thef. Let not Affection pull a curse upon you.
It is not in the power of your Majesty
To spare my life and take hers, unless you will be
More impious in breaking of your Lawes,
Than you were pious in the making them.
Ber. 'Tis true *Anthrogonus*, thou canst not live
Without I violate Religion; Thy body must
Within an odoriferous cloud ascend the Skies
To crave a pardon for thy soul.
Con. The Gods require no humane sacrifice.
Mercy if offer'd in a free oblation, is the only incence
They delight in. I am enough to satisfie the Law,
Make not Religion sir too great a Butchery,
Your pity and his repentant tears
Will be a sacrifice more sweet,
Than all the Cookery of humane entrails.
Ber. Witness ye Gods with what unwilling hands
I offer up this sacrifice; But Laws must be obey'd
When piety commands, though to the makers ruine.
Kings that make Laws to entrap others, may
With their own plots by chance themselves betray. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Constantina and Flavanda.

Con. If thou wilt know a reason why I sent for thee,
Ask of my heart, for that would never be
At quiet till I had seen thee,
But rowling still in my disturbed breast
Prompted my soul to dye not stain'd with such forgetfulness.
Fla. Thy immaculate mind tells me thy soul is pure,
I should suspect the heavens before its whiteness:
The alabaster Mines helpt by the Suns reflection
Cannot shew a piece so candid. (one,
Con. I cannot boast its colour, 'tis a foul
And ere I dye, it will be one continued spot
More ugly than deformity it self: There is
A crime that I must perpetrate, or else my Ghost
Cannot rest quiet in its urne.
Fla. There is no crime so horrid, but thy former goodness
Has made a virtue: One drop of poyson
Pour'd into the Ocean, polluteth not the water,
But clears it self and adds unto the stream.
Con. Ingratitude is a sea of venome,
Which my malicious soul has entertain'd,
And must discharge her poyson upon thee;
Thou that hast been the partner of my sorrows
Must now become the subject of my malice.
Fla. Thou canst not find a fitter subject, I dare
Encounter with the deadliest poyson thou canst give
And think it a preservative.
Con. Mine is the worst of venomes;
If thou but tak'st it, 'tis not thy body only
That must perish, but thy soul too.
To what sure destruction do I run on either side?
If I refuse to sue unto thee, I am ingrateful,
And if I do, the same stain brands me still.
Canst thou be inconstant? wonder not *Flavanda*
Why I ask so rude a question,
For by thy inconstancy, I must be proved constant,
Thy weakness must be my triumph,
And thy disloyalty my eternall glory.
To ask thee now whether thou couldst leave

Were a Tautology as absurd as to name,
Flavanda
And most excellent, I know thou dost
Already understand me.
Fla. Yet I am ignorant for whom thou pleadst.
Con. I plead for one that loves thee with an ardour
More fervent than *Charastus*, one that will not waver
When he sees whole Chataracks of beauty, much less
At the small suspition of a feature. *Fidelio*
Is the man; which ought you to respect then most
Him that left me for you, or you for me?
Fla. Be not mistaken *Constantina*,
That love that he profess'd to me was only feign'd:
Charastus sent him but to trie me.
Con. I prithee say not so; thou wilt undo
A Virgin with a truth; if he be constant,
How impious then was my suspition.
Fla. When you were gon, he told his treachery,
And with what plots he sought for to betray me.
Con. No more.
Thou hast returnd my poyson to the full;
The false suspition of his Loyalty heaps sin on sin.
My soul's one leprosie so foul,
That surely the flames in which I must be sacrific'd
Will 'gainst their Nature downwards tend,
And hurry me to Hell. Oh *Fidelio*, never before
I wisht thee false: thy constancy will be my ruine.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Oh *Constantina* here shall my knee take root,
Untill thy voice denounce my sentence: This penitence
Entreats no pardon, 'tis Justice rather Rigour I desire.
Con. Let this suffice
To shew my duty and my penitence: could I fall lower
My ambition to out-go thee in humility
Should force me down.
Fid. Kneel'st thou to me? the earth shall not resist me,
But my obedient soul shall press me down,
Till nature bids me stay, lest I should
Violate her Lawes by falling upwards.
Con. Thou canst not kneel *Fidelio* and I stand,
When the Sun is down, the exhalations fall:
Arise, and I will personate those vapours.
Fid. Thy sentence must dissolve my frozen joynts
Or I shall fall again: Canst thou forgive me?
Con. Canst thou forgive me?
Fid. No, I cannot; it lies not in heavens power
To forgive where none is guilty: A pardon
Does belong unto a Conscience stain'd with wickedness,
But thou art innocent, so innocent
That the purest Chrystall will confess some spots
To see thy whiteness.
Con. To make me clear, prove not your self disloyall.
Or you inconstant are, or I more stain'd
Than misbelieving Atheists with my incredulity.
Fid. Thou art become more glorious by thy incredulity:
Thou couldst suspect, and yet be virtuous.
Thou thoughtst me false, yet lov'd me still,
When I upon a suppositition sought Revenge,
And most unluckily obtain'd it.
Con. Yet I was Author of thy crime:
My soul suspition was thy sins sad president.
Fid. Thou mak'st my sin appear more horrid:
Thy suspition was but the confirmation of thy constancy,
And were that a President to me
How wicked then were I for to be vicious
Because thou wert virtuous.
Con. I cannot conquer you with arguments, yet
In civility you must yield: contend not with a woman;
That victory will be no glory surely;
You must not sir deny me that: See,
My soul pours out it self in a petition.
Fid. Weep'st thou *Constantina*: I'le plough the earth,

And sow those precious seeds, wee'l have
A crop of Pearl, more glorious than the Orientall:
Venus shall have a neck-lace of these Gems,
Dianas Virgin Zone these beads shall beautifie,
The other Deities shall labour in our Harvest,
And think one seed a pay too prodigall.
Weep Sweet no more, thou hast shed enough
To purchase immortality, I prithee weep no more
Lest I be forc't to sow my Tares
Among that heavenly grain.
Fla. How well those drops become them? the pleasing dew
Adds not a greater lustre to the Rose.
With what a sweet variety they flow?
How prettily they sport in method?

One Knocks.

Alas! one knocks *Fidelio.*
Fid. I will not wake to hear him. Tell him
I say I will not: in this sweet slumber
I'de not disturb the Heavens with a petition,
Or should they call, I would refuse to hear them.

Enter Arontas.

Aron. Most noble Shepherd, the King expects you in the Temple,
For to see the sacrifice, and you fair Shepherdess
(I am sorry I must become so sad a messenger)
Must presently prepare to suffer. *Exit.*
Fid. Never did voyce jar hoarser in my ears,
Oh what a hellish sound it leaves!
Hells three-mouth'd Porter joyn'd to *Scylla's* quire
Cannot howl out so sad a Message.
Prepare to suffer? What is that?
Comment on those sad words sweet Heavens,
Unfold that hideous mysterie: I dare not think
Upon the exposition 'tis so horrid.
Know'st thou what 'tis to suffer?
Con. Yes, 'tis to dye, and be immortall.
Fid. Death is the common rode to immortality; men
Whose lives abhor'd all virtue but Repentance,
In abundant troops, flock by that common High-way,
And shall she whose Virgin soul no thought has blemish'd
Find no unknown path peculiar to such excellence?
Con. To dye a spotless sacrifice is a glorious path
Nere trod on but by them whose Saint-like presence
Still addeth to its curiositie: The Altar is no funerall Pile,
That melts its fuell into Ashes, but a refining fire,
As gentle as those flames from which
The purified Gold receives it lustre.
Fid. Oh do not deceive thy self: How often do we see
The Sacrifices perish, and nere return
More glorious by their sufferings.
Con. 'Tis true, that fire that cleanses but the Gold
Consumes the drosser Mettalls: Had beast's,
Our common sacrifices, but souls confirm'd divine
By Innocence and Reason, we might adore 'um
On our Altars without the blot of superstition.
Fid. If death must purchase immortality,
Thou must not, shalt not be immortall:
There is a debt due unto Nature for thy goodness.
Live here an everlasting mortall then and pay it.
The glory freely given unto desert
Is greater than if purchas'd.
Con. But who can give it? 'Tis not in Natures power.
She frames our goodness for the Heavens;
There I must live, hem'd in with happiness:
There no felicity will be wanting, but when
These tears makes me remember thee.
Fid. Let not the thought of me thy murderer
Disturb thy happiness: I will revenge thy quarrell to the full.
Something must be done: Farewell thou heavenly Candidate;

Thou

Thou haſt a place ſelected mongſt the Deities
Where thou muſt ſit and teach the ignorant world
That conſtancy, which none but thou couldſt ever boaſt of.
I ſhall betray a womaniſh paſſion in me
Should I ſtay longer. Farewell thou new elected Deity. *Exit.*

Con. My Tears ſo ſtop my ſpeech, I cannot
Bid Farewell.

Enter Thesbia.

Theſ. What weeping *Conſtantina*? Can the fear of death
From out the circle of thy pureſt innocence
Draw ſuch a faintneſs.

Con. The ſenſeleſs trees, Hearbs, plants, and flowers
In dewy tears lament the Suns ſad abſence; and ſhall I
Deny that duty to *Fidelio* when a ſad Ecclips
Muſt hide him from me to eternity.
Tears are not Emblemes of a ſaint belief,
The hotteſt dayes melt often into ſhowers.
Oh *Thesbia!* my heart will break,
And cheat the Altar of its ſacrifice.

Theſ. Here, drink this *Nepenthe's* juice then,
'Twill eaſe thy heart, do not refuſe it, the Prieſt
Juſt now bequeath'd it to me as an heavenly Cordiall.

Con. What had I forgot? See here's the ſame.
Oh 'twas a Holy man; He would fain have died
To ſave my life.

Theſ. So would he to have ſav'd mine: Truſt me
He made me weep to ſee his ſilver tears
Diſtill in ſuch abundance from his eyes;
My dear, dear father could have don no more.

Con. Lets then on bended knees in adoration of his charity
Wiſh that the Heavens will never be ingratefull,
But ſtill ſhowre down on his deſerts a due felicity.

Theſ. Upon our knees we wiſh it;
And as this juice from our orecharged ſouls
Expels our miſeries, ſo may his ſorrows vaniſh. *They drink.*
'Tis down. My congeled blood late frozen to my heart
Diſſolves, and with a quick agility
Leaps in my new-fill'd veins. My thoughts have pleaſant fuell,
And every ſenſe is raviſh't with an unknown happineſs.

Con. I am ſtrangely alter'd; I have forgot
The principal end of my creation, to be miſerable.
Come ſit down, I have a great mind
To imitate the dying Swans upon *Caiiſters* Banks,
And ſing my funerall Elegie.

She ſings.

Swell ſwell my thoughts, and let my Breaſt
Receive with joy eternall Reſt,
Swell higher yet, faint not to ſee
The end of all thy miſery.
Death's but a ſleep,
Then do not weep,
But with deſire
Embrace the fire,
So ſhall thy ſoul, ſo ſhall thy ſoul, aſpire
Unto a place where it ſhall ſee
Eternall Crowns of Majeſty
Attendiug on its pompous train
Uncompel'd, without diſdain:
Then let not fire
Make thee retire,
Nor yet deny
This obſequie.
Leſt in diſpair, leſt in diſpair thou die.
Then let not fire
Make thee retire,
Nor yet deny
This obſequie.
Leſt in diſpair, leſt in diſ—pair—— *She ſleeps.*

Fla. Thus ceaſt the dying Nightingale, enamor'd ſleep
Delighted with thy Harmony ſtole the laſt accent
From our ears. *Thesbia!* what has her voyce
Huſht thee into a ſlumber too, and left me here
The ſole reſiſter of its power? Sleeep on ſweet ſouls, And

And when ye wake, think it no pain
If ye be forc't too soon to sleep again.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Sce. 2.

An Altar discover'd: Loud Musick.

Enter Bermudo, Arontas, Spadatus, Halisdus, Virtusus and Fidelio.

Ber. What means this silence Shepherd? me thinks you look
As if you were at some most solemn funerall,
Where the corps of an endeared friend is to be interr'd:
These visages become that place; but when you go
To salute the heavenly Deities with your free oblations,
You must put on a far more pleasing countenance
That the Gods may pleasure in your offerings,
And delight in your burnt sacrifice.

Fid. My divining soul great King, foretels
An universall ruine in this sacrifice,
A generall numness prompts my heart unto a sad,
And deadly melancholy: Surely I have offended.

Ber. Yes in thy drooping zeal. Come, let not fear
Hinder that devotion, which thou beganst
With such a noble resolution, to thy immortall glory.

Fid. I do conjure you Sir by that hate which you
Conceive gainst women; By your Crown, by your Scepter,
By all the Gods I do conjure you
To spare this humane sacrifice.
If you needs must offer to their Deities,
Surfet their Altars with the richest gums,
Fetch forth the Phœnix nest for an oblation,
Or let the world lament the loss of all their cattle,
Prophane not thus their Altars with a womans blood.

Ber. Thou hast won so much on me by thy former service,
That to deny thee now were a most vild ingratitude
Did not the Gods require it: my vow to Heavens is past
And cannot be recall'd, to promise them
The malefactors for an offering, and then
Cheat 'um with a sheep or some such trifle,
Is not to sacrifice but defraud.

Fid. The Gods nere feast on humane entrails,
Their Nectar is not mortalls blood:
Think you their stomacks have so base an appetite
To hunger after that which men do loath?
Repentance is their banquet, the steam of fervent sighes
Their food, and tears not blood's the potion they delight in:

Ber. Be not ingratefull Shepherd;
Strive not, for my love, to make me impious:
Justice and fidelity commands them for a sacrifice.

Fid. Sacrifices must be pure, not spotted;
The fairest beasts are destin'd to the Altar.

Ber. The sinner gets his pardon sooner
By his own sufferings, than if h'ad suffer'd by a Proxee.

Fid. I did belye her Innocence, believe me Sir
She is innocent, as innocent as the new-begotten child.

Ber. To purge a sin, oft-times a Lamb must dye,
And so shall she, our zeal will be the greater.

Fid. Rather your impiety:
Who offers up one Godhead to anothers honour?
Be not so irreligious to destroy that gem,
Which I adore, as a resplendant Deity
Sent from Heaven, to beautifie the earth.

Ber. Take heed; Be not so fondly superstitious.
Thus to contract a Deity to a Beast.

Fid. A Beast! can Heavens heare this,
And no thunderbolt tell the proud King he lyes?
A beast! wert thou arm'd with thunder,
Or were it but to see thee ten thousand deaths,
Nor piety, nor Religion should withhold me,
But I would tear that venemous tongue out,
And hang it like a lying Meteor in the Ayr.

Ber. He grows frantick: Alas poor man,
He deserves my pity more than anger.

Fid. Where sleeps your Justice now?

Rouze up your drouſie headed Lawes
To take revenge on him that dares their utmoſt. *Solemn Muſick.*
Ber. Whence this ſad Muſick?

Enter Sperazus, Flavanda, and others bringing in Conſtantina and Thesbia, veild All in a ſolemn manner.

Fla. Ceaſe your petitions: it lies not in the power
Of your prayers, nor his mercy to recall 'um:
Fate has deceiv'd the Altar Sir; The Lambs
That ſhould have been the ſacrifice, are dead.
Ber. Dead!
Fla. Yes; Your threats great King has prov'd
Their executioner: Imagination that unnaturall flame
Has not conſum'd, but broke their tender Hearts.
Here you may ſee the ruines of thoſe well-built Temples. *She unvails them.*
Fid. Ha! Heavens vaniſh't unto Heaven;
Why did'ſt thou ſteal thy death divineſt?
Why did thy flitting ſoul poaſt ſo away,
And give no warning to thy friends?
Hands off ye dogs, do not deny the Gods their ſacrifice.
He ſnatches at a Sword, and the Guard hold him.
Me thinks the *Genius* of the world doth ſtagger;
The affrighted Earth turns round, and ſends forth
Foggy trees, in a continued lamentation for its loſs:
The Heavens ſtand ſtill to entertain her excellence,
And all the Planets turn to Conſtellations
With amazement: *Copernicus*, thy opinion
Now is verified.
Ber. Moſt reverend father, though cruell deſtiny
Has abrig'd part of our triumph by their deaths
Yet to manifeſt our duty, in all ceremonious order
Let their corps be ſacrific'd.
Spe. I dare not Sir pollute the Altars
With a dead oblation: High Heavens will be diſpleaſed
With our offerings; The very beaſts abhor the dead.
Let but their bodies be inter'd, & then come
And offer a few prayers, and without doubt
The Deities will be appeas'd.
Ber. Your will ſhall rule us *Exeunt.*

Manent Fidelio and Virtuſus with Conſtantina and Thesbia.

Fid. Oh death, thou grand Commiſſioner of Fate,
Seize theſe my vitall ſpirits, ſince ſhe is gon
Whoſe warmer breath ſo oft has nouriſh'd them.
What! canſt thou not hear now Death?
Art thou grown aſtoniſh't at thy late got prize?
Aſſume her quickly heavens; Death wil forget
His office elſe and let the populous world
Surfet with multiplicity.
Vir. Did ever traveller ſo faint to ſee
The end of all his travells? Has all my wearied ſteps
Tended to this Home, and tremble I to behold it?
Where be thoſe pleaſing ſmiles, thoſe wheeling eyes,
And that harmonious voyce, which once did call me, Brother?
Are all gon? Has death raviſh't thy Virgin bluſhes too,
To adorn thy ſoul tranſlated to ſome Deity?
Fid. That new ſtar which the Aſtronomers of late (ger,
Obſerv'd in *Caſsiopeia*, was but thy Harbin-
Sent to prepare that roome to entertain thy excellence:
There thou muſt ſet, Queen Regent of the Conſtellation;
Oh be my *Zenith* ever!
Lend me thy influence to direct my actions,
And ſooner ſhall the Adamant forget the North,
Than I thy ſacrifice.
Vir. What Juſtice would not ſtagger
To condemn ſuch excellence? what Tyger almoſt famiſh'd
Would not ſtand amaz'd, and rather ſtarve,
Than make a prey of ſuch perfections?
Fid. Why mad'ſt her Nature of ſuch goodneſs,
And tookſt no care for to preſerve her?
Me thinks thoſe lips, ſoft and as ruddy
As the pureſt wax, invites impreſſion.

He kisses her.

Heavens, be not jealous if I kiss her.
They're warme: a crimson blush begins
To beautifie her cheeks, and sayes I was immodest;
Oh Heavens! She stirs too; Now for some glorious apparition.

Con. What new fire burns my polluted breast?
Whence come these unknown flames?
Guard me some chaster power; good providence
Redeem this Temple from a prophanation.

Fid. Thou hast mistook thy way divinest Heaven
Lies not here; That has a narrow path
Nere trod on but by vertue; Go, Knock
At Repentance gate, one tear of thine
Will easily compell an entrance: Thy goodness surely
Is not ignorant, it is thy charity only
To enrich the earth again with thy diviner presence
That has caus'd this wilfull error.

Con. If thou bee'st here, I'le seek no other path,
This is the only way my wishes aim at.

Fid. Keep off; The beams of thy divinity
Will consume me; I begin to melt;
My knees more stubborn than the Elephants
Bows down in adoration with thy lustre.

Con. I cannot tell what strange effects
Sleep has procur'd upon my outward shape;
My thoughts are sure the same, they have *Fidelio*
Still their subject, which makes me confident
That I am not chang'd, but still am *Constantina.*

Fid. Thou art some Goddess rather, which
To appear more glorious has assum'd her shape;
Alas, the Heavens has stole her soul
For an immortall Pyramide, and it would be
Tob great a prejudice to it, should it return
From such celestiall happiness.

Con. I am transform'd in nothing but my tongue,
That once was powerfull to charme belief;
Where's now its vain Authority? *Thesbia*
I prithee sweet awake, and tell thy incredulous Brother
That I live, yet straight must dye
Kild with his most misjudging charity.

Vir. 'Tis she; oh *Thesbia* my dearest sweet, Awake
Awake, *Virtuosus* calls thee; Depart not in a dream;
Let not thy soul be ravish't with those joyes
Which heaven presents thee with; good sleep
Be not so cruell to be eternall.

Enter Sperazus.

Spe. Trifle not time *Fidelio* with these Ceremonies;
Arise, 'twas only sleep caus'd by a potion
That deceiv'd the King.

Fid. May I believe you?

Spe. Belive your senses, why so fearfull? (pure
She's no Ghost.

Fid. Liv'st thou *Constantina?* thou art so
I do suspect it.

Thes. What pleasing waves rocks my delighted soul?
How is it tost within a gulf of happiness? Ha!

Vir. Let it float still, divinest, the enamor'd waves
Will be made happy by its presence.
Nay, fly not *Thesbia* from the Haven:
Here are no trayterous sands, no sudden storms,
Nor unseen Rocks to ruine thee. All
Is as free from danger as thy wishes.
Why casts thou Anchor? Hop'st thou to be securer
In that miserable Ocean? Oh *Thesbia*
Thou wilt raise storms in that securer Port
If thou denyest an entrance.

Thes. Surely you do mistake me Sir.
Thesbia was a woman, and can you love her,
And think her so immodest to turn man.

Con. Thou canst no longer *Thesbia* lye conceal'd,
He knows All.

Thes. Ha'st thou betraid me *Constantina?*
Oh let me sink under my shames sad burthen.

Vir. Wee'l sink together then; thou and I
Will be each others monument.

Spe. No more!
I heare *Bermudo* coming: true Lovers care
Will in possession oft-times breed dispair.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. *Sce.* 3.

Enter Bermudo.

Ber. My Plots still fail, and all my shafes Shot

Shot gainst resisting walls
Bring back a ruine to the sender that sacrifice
Wherewith I thought to expiate my crime
Fate has converted to a murther so horrid,
That I must sink, or get a pardon for devotion.
Oh how my groveling soul prest down with wickedness
Rowles like the imprison'd wind
Pent in the hollow caverns of the Earth,
Finding no vent to aspire, but still must lye
Under the heavie weight of foul impiety.
Repentance must redeem it from its thraldome, a Ransome
Which I dare not think on lest envious Fates
Should turn that too into a wickedness.
The greatest are not still the best I see,
Kings are but crown'd to fall deckt with a pompous infamy. *Agrone within.*
Ha! what dismall noyse beats that alarm
To my guilty conscience? my affrighted blood retires,
And leaves my trembling arms
Shaking like sapless branches at the Northern wind,
My feet the Basis of this tottering Pyramide
Cleaves close unto the earth, whilst my erected hair
Stiffer then bristles of a Porcupise
Stares in the face of Heaven: Oh I am thunderstruck.

Enter Constantina and Thesbia severally.

Ha! the easie stomack't earth vomits their dead,
To torrors me; Am I environ'd round with Ghosts?
Conceal me ye good Heavens;
Spread an eternall darkness ore the world,
That very sprights may wander still in ignorance:
VVrap my affrighted soul in a defence
Not to be pierc'd with apprehensions eye;
Make me invisible or blind.

Con. Heavens cannot hide you from my just revenge
Without the forfeiture of goodness: Murder.
Thar cry'ing sin has like a power Spell
Summon'd my scarce cold corps, not fully setled
In my latest urn, to appear again on earth,
And force an accusation of thy conscience.

Ber. Mount mount my soul, and with the swiftest winds (frighted Sun
Fly to some unkwown Land, where the affNere yet durst enter, nor the amazed Heavens
Think on a place so horrid: where the corrupted ayr
Darts forth infection, & the ulciserous winds,
VVhiffs plagues to the inhabitants more loathsome (nest houses;
Than the stench breath from polluted charWhere death surfets his fatall arrow,
And each funerall Knell yeld by a dying Mandrake
Proves still the dirge of an ensuing frailty.
Is there no Sanctuary for a guilty conscience?
Let me then sink, sink to the Center.
Release those captive Gyants Heavens, that now groan (tains
Under the heavie weight of mighty Moun-
Hurle *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, and *Olimpus* upon *Pelion*, (down
And all their fetters upon me, to press me
Beyond the reach of Register: Let me not suffer
In their Annalls too, but let a sad mortality
Of Remembrance ceaz all succeeding times,
That I may fall forgotten. (*Bermudo?*

Thes. Is this the way to expiate thy crime
Are prophaner wishes thy repentance? take Heed (not
Do not precipitate thy inclining ruine; Pull
That hovering Justice on thy head, lest it fall
No less than fatall. (forgive

Ber. Thou blest *Idea* of a form divine,
My rash devotion; entombe Revenge amongst those
Sacred Reliques, and let thy incensed ghost
Sleep in its peacefull urne: oh be as mild as excellent: (sing horror,
Draw hence those looks, fill'd with such plea-
And each succeeding day shall add
New Trophees to thy mercie.

Thes. Thinkst thou my patient Ghost can rest in quiet, (the ruines
Whil'st thy majestick cruelty tramples ore
Of my lost honor? Can I behold thy ambitious mind (ous envie
Sweld higher with my sufferings, and no piSeek to abate thy triumph? shall wronged innocence

Unrevenged lie, whil'st charity proclames it lawfull?
A crime unpunish'd is a virtue in the opinion
Of the giddy multitude.
Ber. Let not misconstruing fools contract those beams
Which in a bountious manner use to flow
Even to the period of their Justre.
No Mortalls force procur'd my hate:
I still preserv'd thee like a blooming Rose,
Water'd thee with my choisest streams, and fand thee
With my pleasingst gales, till envious fate
Stole that delicious Bud, not fully ripened.
Thef. Thou hadst forestall'd his office else; and like
A treacherous wretch to make my ruine seeme more horrid,
When that my pamper'd Appetite lay bathing in felicity (destruction,
Thou wouldst have thrown me headlong to
There to die like to some harmeless Beast
Fatted for slaughter. (was compelld
Ber. It was devotion sought thy ruine; I
To play the Tyrant by Religion: and like
A carefull Mariner in a storm, to throw away
A Gem, priz'd far beyond my Diadem,
Witness ye Heavens how oft my Zeal
Suffer'd affections checks; how oft my Love
Held back my hand from ruining that comely Temple (now
Which I so admir'd, and ever must, though
Imagination makes it horrid.
Thef. Play not still the Hypocrite;
Why mention'st Love? Did ever Love
Pronounce so sad a sentence. (kneel
Ber. Witness ye powers before whom I
How dearly, dearly I did love thee; And surely
Had not fate been so hasty, I had tug'd hard
With my Religion to have sav'd thee.

Enter Charastus, Brabantas, Sperazus, Flavanda, Fidelio, Virtusus, Arontas, Spadatus, Attendants and Guard.

Cha. His own words condemn him:
Omnes. They do most mighty Prince, and we obey. (my throne
Cha. Love that so long has bar'd me from
Once more reseats me in my former dignity.
Seiz on the Usurper Guard.
Ber. Hands off, Rebellious Miscreants, what unjust authority
Prophanes our sacred person? Can *Sicilians*
Grow so impious, to violate their Kings?
Cha. The date of your supremacis is expir'd; your approaching end
Must put a fatall period to your Tyranny:
A Crown
Is off too pure a mettle to endure long
Within so gross a Mine.
Ber. Unheard of wickedness! Heavens can you hear this,
And dart no quick consuming plague into his treacherous bosome: (still
Where be those Lawes which we *Sicilians*
Held as Religious orders? where's Piety
And Allegiance, our ador'd *Penates*.
Cha. Here in this breast: Long has Religion
And my former vow maintain'd thy Tyrany:
Long have I seen thy pompous heigth
Grown riotous with my ruine, yet still have flatter'd it
Without ambitious interruptions: No
High swell'd thought has once desir'd a repossession
Nor ever should, had not thy love of him
Declar'd a forfeture. (irreligion:
Ber. Take not so poor a Covert for thy
A Boyes chast Love forfeits no Diadem.
Thef. Thus, that false title I renounce: thus
I appear my self, deckt with my virgins innocence; *She discovers her self.*
These blushes speaks me woman Sir.
Ber. Am I outreacht in policy? good Fate
Send some invisible dart, and kil me quickly,
Shame will deceive thee of thy triumph else.
Spe. Be not asham'd *Bermudo*: It is an honor for to fall (titian
Thrust by a Royall hand: A practis'd Poli-
No ignoble brain did work thy ruine.
Bra. Our revenge must thank thee *Thesbia*;
Thou hast dissolv'd this mass of Tyranny,
And brought our long-lost honors to their former lustre:
We owe duty to thee for our second birth,
And ignorance must pay ingratitude, if you refuse (freely
The reacceptance of that Crown bestowd so
By your Liberality. I will not say *Virtusus* has desert
Whose just heat may chalenge your affection,
That were to extoll him beyond humane merit,
But I dare say though poor in worth

Hee's

Hee's rich in his endeavors.

Spe. Her blushes do bewray her Love,
which long ere this (revenge
Had met its wish'd for happiness, Had not
For my second *Fideño* been too obstinate.
The love of him made her forgoe her Country, (dangers
And on unknown Lands hazard these many
In his search: She told it to me, when her Confessor.
Here take her *Virtusus* as a Virgin Sacrifice,
Pure as the timely blossome whose forward Zeal
Decks the arising Spring.

Bra. I'le make the harmony compleat:
Thus from that cloyster which my timerous age (leases thee;
Before design'd thee too, a parents care re-
And with the same devotion confines thee to *Fidelio*; (to Love,
Turn thy Repentance to obedience, thy zeal
And all thy care into a setled constancy,
That from the ruines of that chaster Temple
A sacred Structure may erect it self, no less perspicuous.

Spe. May our Kingdoms joyn'd by this double concord
Like two flames of incence shoot up still
In one continued lustre, whil'st our souls
Peircht on their sparing glories
Reach an immortality.

Cha. Can I yet live and see my life divided?
Shall Hymeneall flames consume her Virgin Zone
And I stand by a vain Spectator: Patience
Thou art a virtue.

Fla. What sad thought great King can in the midst
Of this solemnity draw such a veil ore that majestick splendor? (shine
Which in his perfect brightness ought to
To the refreshing of your nummed Subjects.

Cha. The remembrance of my lost Sister, hangs like a clog (revenge.
Upon my soul, yet prompts me forward to
Can *Charastus* triumph whil'st *Desdonella* lies
In her eternall sleep, rockt with the pleasing Lullaby
Of falling waters? Can I maintain a thought
Tending to happiness, before Revenge
Has quietly entomb'd her? first shall my rage
Swell higher than the streams that buried her,
That all may perish with its inundation.

Fla. Rob not the Heavens *Charastus* of the honour (gratefull
Due for your happiness: can you be so in-
To their mercy, to let revenge
Cheat them of their alacritie clam'd justly by their favors.

Ber: Stop not the current of his anger:
Let it flow. (gor.
Here are no trembling barks that fear its vi-
Could he invent a torment which never yet
His predecessors boasted of, my patience
Should convert it into charity.

Enter Desdonella and Halisdus.

Diana! amaze me not ye Heavens:
Can she vouchsafe such favor unto him
Who late abus'd her with immodesty? my incredulity
Sins too much against her virtue: 'Tis she,
The Ayr's perfum'd, the odoriferous clouds
Fill'd with delicious spices distills to odors:
The fragrant flowers as she walks
Offers their sweetest incence, and where she treads
The adoring grass bows in a pious gratitude.
Are ye all amaz'd? why kneel ye not,
And with a generall adoration entertain that Deity (Goddess
That freely comes to visit you? Thus greatest
My obedient soul submits with truest penitence,
I must confess I did abuse your presence
With most prophane & unchast ceremonies,
Yet I must say it was my Zeal,
And the assurance of your clemency, that made me.

Des. Arise *Bermudo*: it is I must kneel;
Thus as a Subject to your power I bow,
But as a powerfull Subject thus I stand.
If my supposed death has in your noble breast
Kindled religious sparks, if *Desdonellas* fate
Has mov'd your patience to Revenge,
Calm your disturbed thoughts; See I live
This shape is truly reall.

Cha. My Sister *Desdonella*, more welcome than my immortality: (ness?
Unto what power shall I ascribe this happi-

Des. I owe my life unto his curtesie;
He mock't *Bermudos* Statutes with my feigned death,
Whil'st in a Cave my melancholy Lute and I

Flatter'd each others misery.
Cha. Surely *Halisdus* thou wert born
To make thy King ungratefull; my joyes abound
To an unmeasur'd heighr, I fear they are
Too vehement to last.
Ber. I am amaz'd; my converted appetite
Courts an unknown desire; my fervent zeal
Turns to a looser flame, and worships now
The Temple for the Deity.
Def. Why now so strange *Bermudo*? didst thou admire
The structure only for the builders sake?
Is it become less glorious in anothers right?
Can virtue vanish with a name.
Ber. No *Desdonella* thy suppos'd divinity
Made me perceive something that still is excellent;
All is not vanisht with those beams,
The departed Sun leaves still a heat behind him. (weaker rayes
Def. But can that heat, cast from those
Extract so full an adoration? Canst thou but pay
A liking to its fervor, and not contemn it
For the absent Sun?
Ber. How impious were I should I hate that shape
Which I durst think *Diana* would inhabit?
When I contemn it, may my blood forget its motion, (soul.
My soul her faculties, and the Heavens my
Cha. On that condition take thy throne again.
Learn now to be a King, and rule with such pleasing majestie (vor,
That thy Subjects may sooner doubt thy fa-
Than fear thy anger.
Ber. This Councell might be welcome unto them
That do desire a Diadem; But unto him
That is already wearied with his weight,
It is as vain as expent fencing unto Cowards,
They may have skill, but dare not use it.
Yet, if you'l needs instruct my unwilling soul
In that virtue which you only Sir are Master of,
Raign longer than, and let me learn by your example. (Affection;
Cha. He must not raign that cannot rule
If you refuse this favor, I shall suspect you
Still to be a Tyrant, and not worthy of my Sister.
Def. Alas what means my Brother?
Cha. To make thee Queen, and seat thee
In the highest dignity, whil'st I in Shepherds weeds
Learn to assuage desires. Nay weep not sweet *Flavanda*,
Perhaps thou dost suspect thou art a stranger to my heart,
But witness, oh ye Heavens, that what I do
Proceeds from Love to thee; Thee I will meditate,
And when I sleep my dreams shal fancie thee.
Still I'le discourse of thee, and when the happy end (thee,
Has crown'd my studies that I truly know
I shall have search't the deepest point of all Philosophie.
But you fair Princess whose conquering eye
Has took a prisoner captive, and now boasts
In the bare spoyle of anothers victory,
You I must here remember, but must
As ill taught children learn to forget again
What my greedy eye too soon conceived.
Con. Good Sir. (cy.
Make not me an accessory to your inconstan-
Your hopes of me you see are vain,
Hymen has joyn'd our hearts already in a knot
Which naught can separate but death.
Cha. Tis true, fair Creature, you are His:
Meet him with an ardent Love.
And from the Ashes of thy nicer chastity
Let a tall Phœnix issue, whil'st I
In silent groves desire of Fate to dye.
Fid. Stay *Charastus*; Let not thy destruction
Crown our wedding.
Cha. Let fortune then decide the controversie: Here
Take this sword, and plead thy title, a cause so just
Would make a Coward valiant:
Fid. But me a Coward.
Cha. Thy goodness has incen'st me;
Dost thou refuse the combate? take heed
Pull not a ruine on thee with thy virtue; I am enrag'd.
My envious heart is tympaniz'd with anger.
Hadst thou but offer'd to have fought at first,
I then had left the combat, and with as much scorne
Had hated thy disloyalty, as now I emulate thy goodness.

Guard

Guard thy self.
Hal. Hold, Princes hold, Make not a Theater of the Temple:
Do not prophane this sacred place
With an incestuous quarrell.
Cha. Incestuous? Is love incestuous?
Hal. Yes, of your sister.
Cha. I have no sister except *Desdonella*.
Hal. Pardon me great King if I unfold a secret,
Which never should have been reveal'd
Had not the fear of your destruction forc't me. (so long
Cha. If it be good, do not delay my joyes
As I shall be in pardning thee.
Hal. You greatest Princess, I have injur'd most,
But yet I know your virtues so be such
That I dispair not of a Pardon.
Def. Assure thy self there is no crime so horrid
But the remembrance of thy former goodness
Will command a Pardon for.
Hal. Then thus *Brabantas* I restore thy Son
Took from thee in the late intestine wars
When *Scicilies* three Monarchs like three meeting streams
Strove to convert each others Kingdom
To their own Dominions.
Bra. I must confess in those inhumane broyls
When *Scicily* groaned with her civill wars,
I lost a Son (Nurse
Who in his tender years was taken from his
By the rough violence of a barbarous soldier.
Hal. I was that souldier that in hope of great reward
Took from the nurse that unresisting Babe
And brought him here to *Lelybæus* to present
The King with: But fortune, that seldom
Crosses wicked men, then frown'd on me:
For our tender Prince committed for the more security
To my loving wife, did with a fall
From her too careless arms receive his death.
Bra. Oh most unhappy fate.
Hal. I then was forc't to turn my captive to a Prince again,
For in the room of dead *Charastus*
I then plac't your Son, who hitherto
Has liv'd our Soveraign, and ever should, Had not
The fear of their approaching ruines told it.
Bra. This happiness may be wish't for, not obtain'd.
Hal. I could produce your Kingdoms Arms
Wove on his Mantle, but this would be
A shallow testimony to that I'le shew you.
Look on his left wrist, there you may see
The half Moon, from which *Lunaster* he was nam'd
If Fames Report be true.
Bra. It is most true; He had his name from thence.
Hal. See Royall Sir, 'tis still preserv'd.
Bra. Do I yet live, and see my Son *Lunaster*?
Fate thou art too bounteous: I cannot live
To pay a due gratuity, an age will be too little
To express my joyes in.
Cha. Am I deceast that now my transmigrated soul
Seeks out a new inclosure?
Tell me my name good Heavens, my Countrey too,
Who are my Kin, or rather who are not.
All here I think do clame alliance.
Faireſt *Constantina* my divining soul
Prompts me to call thee Sister: Be not I prithee
Angry with my Love, I will no more
Harbor incestuous flames, yet I will see thee still,
And keep a Brothers distance: you'l not be jealous Sir?
Fid. I were injurious to her virtue then.
Cha. Nor you *Flavanda*?
Fla. Let me dye hated first of all,
And have no tomb but malice.
Cha. I am not mortall sure, such joyes as these
Belong to immortality.
Spe. When three Kingdoms joyn, it is a Royall unity,
Scicily shall be no more *Trinacria* now
But one promontory whose soaring top
Stretch'd bove th' insulting billows
Shall strike a terror to our foes, whil'st we
Arm'd with their fear sleep in security.
Vir. Let not the loss dear Brother
Of this Kingdome trouble you; wee'l haste unto *Pachynus*

And

And when that envious fate bereaves us of
our father,
Thou and I, will like the *Zodiacks Gemini*,
Raign our alternate courses in that happy
Kingdome.
Con. Yet I must ruinate that happiness:
It is I *Virtasus* that must disinthrone thee.
So *Apollo* said.
Cha. No deareſt Sister, I am
That Brother that *Apollo* meant; my crown
Already thou haſt loſt, my Love to thee has
loſt it.
Hadſt thou been leſs fair, leſs conſtant to *Fi-*
lio,
And more kind to me, I ſtill had raign'd;
This here had been divulg'd; Had it *He-*
ſiodus?
Hal. Never Sir. Tortures ſhould here
have forc't it
From me.
Cha. The Oracle is fulfill'd then. Let all
fears vaniſh.
Heavens knew a Crown was not my due,
That made me ſure ſo willing for to part
with't.
I am glad tis gon ſo fairly, and I am confi-
dent
There's none knew he the cares, the troubles,
The perplexed thoughts and dangers that
attends
A good Kings throne, but he would reſign
As willingly as I do, did not his calling,
And his ſhame forbid it. That Kingdom
Which my ignorance ſo long uſurpt, returns
to thee *Bermudoe*,
'Tis *Deſdomella's* right, ſhe is the richer
Jewell.
Be once a man again, and from the ruines
Of thy priſtine Tyranny, build a moſt glo-
rious Structure
To reach Heaven; Let not thy former cru-
elty
Make thee diſpair; who would aſpire
Ought firſt to fall, that he may riſe the
higher.
Ber. Come deareſt *Deſdomella*, too long
I have practis'd Tyranny;
Mercy hereafter ſhall become my ſtudy. For
now I ſee
Our lives are but a Scene, a Scene that
changes
At the will and pleaſure of the Author;
We are all but Actors and do take
Each ſeverall day a ſeverall part: This day
We perſonate a King, the next a Beggar.
This is our courſe of life which varies ſtill,
till Death
The cloſer up of all comes in and clean
Puts out the Tapers, and withdraws the
Scene.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Q. Read. Mon.ᵈ Sept.ʳ 16.ᵗʰ 1793.
The only thing worth making in this Play is
that it was written by a Boy of seventeen.

K-9 246 151861